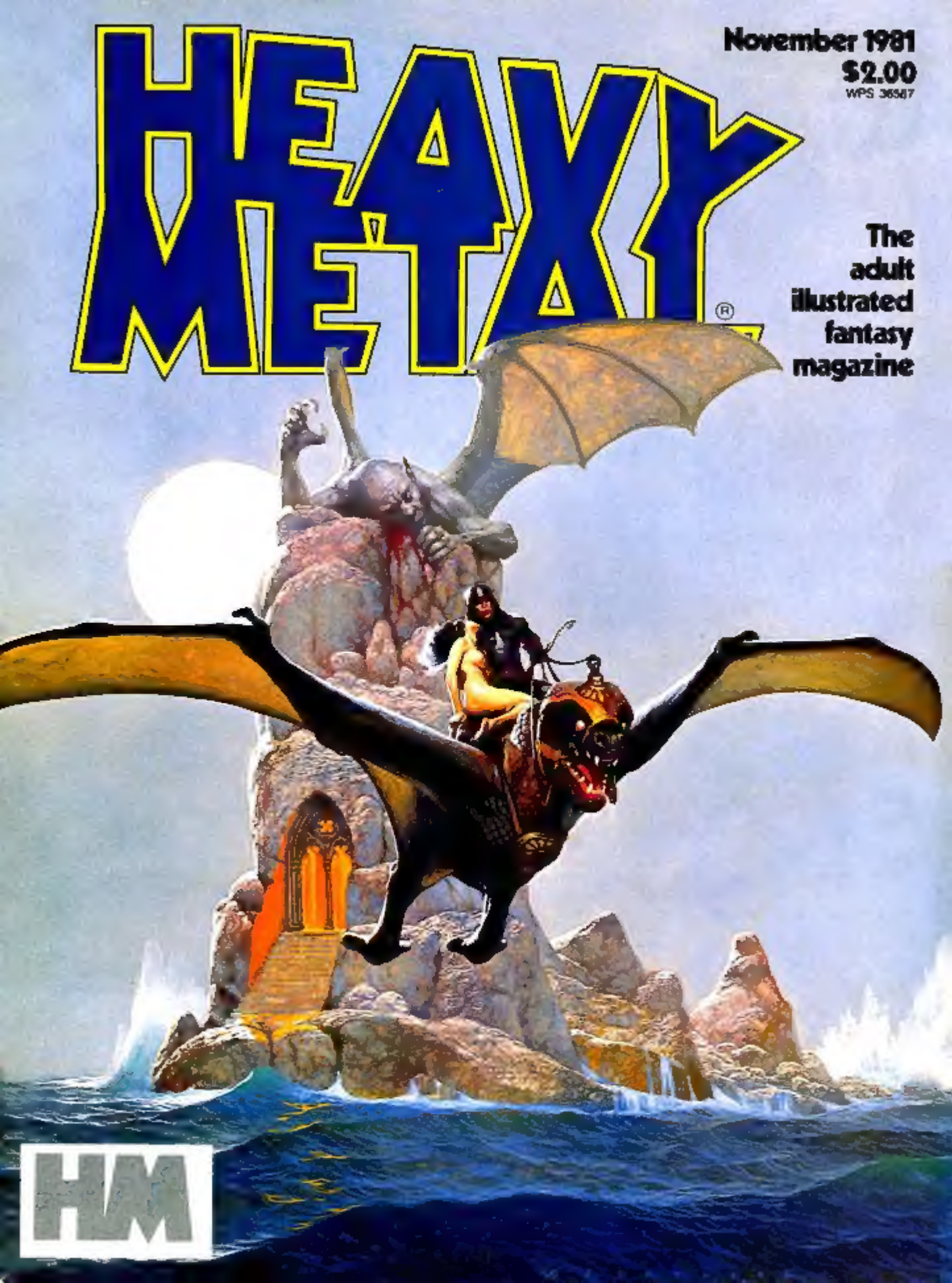
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HEAVY METAL

Heavy Metal Animation Cel Portfolio

Heavy Metal Pencil Animation Portfolio

Heavy Metal Movie Portfolios of Original Art. We are proud to announce an entirely new concept for both portfolio and original art collectors. It is no secret that the fantasy/animation motion picture release of the fall is the eagerly awaited *Heavy Metal Movie*. This film is the result of a huge collaboration of creative talents, including over seventy animators from fourteen different countries. There are eight segments in the finished film, each inspired by a feature in the magazine. The portfolio consists of *one original hand-painted animation cel from each segment*. The cels have been carefully selected: they are all prime cels showing full figures or head-and-shoulder shots. There are no "throw-away" cels. Each cel will be embossed with a seal designating it as a part of this limited edition of 1,000 portfolios. Original animation-cels are highly collectable, and it is not unusual to see a single cel going for more than the entire cost of this portfolio.

The eight segments of the film are stories within themselves. "Soft Landing" is the opening sequence, which evolves into the "Grimaldi" story that is the key bridge between segments, the first of which is Richard Corben's "Den." This is Corben's long-running series from *Heavy Metal*, and the animators have gone to great lengths to translate Corben's unique graphics into an animated format. We are then treated to the farcical outer-space adventures of "Captain Sternn," faithfully animated from Berni Wrightson's *Heavy Metal* story of the same name. On to "B-17," which is billed as the "first true EC-style horror story to be animated." The work is based on the art of Mike Ploog, who needs no introduction to comics or animation fans. The next feature is "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," which combines illustrator Angus McKie's intensely detailed backgrounds with a couple of Cheech-and-Chong-inspired space jockeys. Gimenez's "Harry Canyon" is a mind-bending trip through New York City of 2031. The clincher of the film is the 27-minute "Taarna" sequence. This is a sequence that could only be animated: full of wild beasties and impossible events.

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Back cover, And the Children Play, by **Tito Salamoni**

Tito Salamoni and George DeHoff are both represented by Will Stone Associates, San Francisco, California.

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EDITORIAL INFORMATION: [redacted] no responsibility for unsolicited material.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by HM Communications, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. $19.00 paid annual subscription, $32.00 paid two-year subscription, and $39.00 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $3.00 for Canada and $5.00 elsewhere. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber, please send change of address to Circulation Director, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail form 3579 notices to Circulation Director, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022.

ADVERTISING OFFICES: *New York:* **Richard Atkins**, Advertising Director, Heavy Metal Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022, (212) 888-4070. *Midwest:* **Sanke-Guenther, Inc.**, River Plaza, 405 North Wabash, Chicago, IL 60611, (312) 670-6800. *West Coast:* **Montague/Bass Media**, 4262 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010, (213) 933-9217. *Southern Offices:* **Brown & Co.**, 5110 Roswell Road, Marietta, GA [redacted]

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EDITORIAL

Illustration by Christopher Hoffman

It's four months down the pike since the release of the *Heavy Metal* movie and we're still recovering. In the office we've now seen *Heavy Metal*—the magazine (after *Metal Hurlant*—the magazine), *Heavy Metal*—the movie, *Heavy Metal*—"the making of" book, *Heavy Metal*—the booklet, *Heavy Metal*—the poster, *Heavy Metal*—the record, *Heavy Metal*—the radio show, *Heavy Metal*—the T-shirt/satin jacket/bibs with studs (for you hard-core freaks), *Heavy Metal*—the promotion, *Heavy Metal*—the event (more to come on that), even *Heavy Metal*—the shopping bag.

And the beat goes on. Thanks to *Heavy Metal*...yeah, the movie, the record, most of America is now familiar with the name. Moms and dads think we plug in to the boom of heavy-metal savagery to start our workday. And they probably figure we strap in to our leather chaps and spurs the moment we walk in to our offices. But all is sedate here. There's a return to some semblance of normalcy.

Not so in the weeks and months of this year preceding the completion and release of the film. They weren't busy only in Montreal; we had our moments of mania too. Like the day Devo came to visit the offices and see a line test of the film. The Space Shuttle was landing and all were in an office viewing it on TV. Devo as well. That's when one secretary (she's not bright but she's got that ultra-bright smile) whispers, "They sure look normal ...for Devo, don't they?" So we all met with little incident and only one autograph hunter.

We haven't stepped "beyond science fiction." But we sure did learn a lot about ourselves and the machinations of media manipulation: how it's supposed to work and how it isn't. And we had our share of soirees along the way as well. We partied at NYC's Guggenheim Museum, where Columbia's premiere invited Cheap Trick to play two songs for ten minutes for oodles of dough. But this was the calm event compared to all the staff members and more whooping it up to dance bands like Joy Division and the Sugar Hill Gang at a local hot spot called (science-fictionally) Interferon. We never knew our business staff could move so well.

On to media manipulations. We won't get into all the preparations, mastications, and obfuscations that go along with trying to get hundreds of newspapers and magazines to run stories on the film (favorable, of course), while planning all the advertising, marketing, and licensing in a short period of time. But the tables do get turned, when you're going from being media to being media event. Like when our staff was interviewed by a N.Y. *Daily News* reporter, nice enough woman and an earnest, occasional *HM* fan. Yet, to our minor consternation and chagrin, she misquoted and confused some of our comments. Julie said we don't consider *Heavy Metal* "heavy," as in gawdawful-serious-man-just-look-at-them-muscles - and - see - her - get - it-wow tone but, as Brad said, maybe "heady." We came out in print saying we took it awfully serious, like wow, man. And when Brad said don't use sci-fi because it's a pejorative term, he ended up sounding like a religious zealot in his defense of "sf." Zealot maybe, but one can certainly understand from the subject's point of view why so many rock performers complain of other writers' misquoting them.

And we witnessed associate producer Michael Gross in a curious exchange with a reporter during one of the round-table interviews Columbia publicity had arranged. Let it be said beforehand, *Heavy Metal*'s (the movie's) rather blatant frolic with S&M and bondage as well as its abundant display of buxom nude lasses didn't go unnoticed by the female members of the press. One woman reporter was most direct. "Don't you think," she pointedly asked Gross, "that after spending millions of dollars and having millions of people go to see this you have some social responsibility toward certain issues such as feminism and exploitation of women?" Needless to say, it wasn't all Gross's doing. He said no. "We were just having fun," then replied, "I guess when She passes judgment, we're going to burn in hell." What else could be said?

"Obviously, She never reads the magazine," whispered a friend-journalist. But now the magazine is under scrutiny as well. On our behalf, as well as the public's, we produced a new survey, which told us some surprising facts about you guys out there. The average *Heavy Metal* reader is approximately twenty-seven years old and has an income of $29,000. With 65 percent having some college education, you read *Omni* and *Scientific American* as much as you do *Playboy*. Not bad for something that grew out of American comics as well as the French stuff.

—The Eds.

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ELSINORE
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DAD!
MY PASSING WAS NO ACCIDENT. IT WAS YOUR UNCLE CLAUDE DID IT...AND YOUR MOTHER IS IN CAHOOTS.
YES... NO...
I'VE ALWAYS SUSPECTED YOU WERE A SOILED DOVE, BUT... JESUS, MAW...
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...AND HAVE THE TROOPERS FIRE
THE END

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QUICK, GIVE ME THAT AXE!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? HAVE YOU GONE MAD?
THE BIRD! SHE'S ABOUT TO GIVE BIRTH! QUICKLY! I SAID
I BELIEVE I CAN HANDLE IT. THESE NEWBORNS ARE VERY STURDY. WHO KNOWS? HE MIGHT EVEN HELP US GET OUT OF THIS MESS
WONDERFUL! AS SOON AS HIS WINGS DRY OFF, HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO TAKE FLIGHT. YOU KNOW, I KNEW SHE WAS PREGNANT, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HOW FAR ALONG SHE ACTUALLY WAS. WE'D BETTER GET READY TO TAKE OFF. SEEMS THESE YOUNG ONES ARE BORN HUNGRY. HE'LL BE OFF LIKE A SHOT, HUNTING DOWN HIS FIRST MEAL.
THE MERCENARY
When last we read, the mercenary was busy rescuing a woman destined for a slow, harsh death. He fought off her attackers, but his flying lizard was injured during the joust. The saurian was able to get them safely to a nearby cliff but died upon their landing.

TAKE THE BLANKET FROM YOUR HARNESS AND WRAP YOURSELF IN IT. THE SUN SHOULD BE SETTING SOON, AND IT WILL GET CHILLY RATHER QUICKLY
HOLD ON TIGHT. HE'S ABOUT TO TAKE HIS FIRST LEAP
THERE'S NO WAY OF CONTROLLING HIM JUST NOW. BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY, HIS INSTINCTS WILL LEAD HIM TO WHERE THE LICHENS GROW, AND HE'LL STOP TO FEED ON THEM FOR A WHILE. IT SHOULD BE EASY TO REACH YOUR HUSBAND'S CASTLE FROM THERE
YOU SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN RID OF ALL YOUR ARMOR AND WEAPONS. THEY'RE VERY HEAVY
PERHAPS, BUT I'D FEEL EVEN MORE NAKED THAN YOU ARE WITHOUT THEM
I DON'T THINK HE'LL BE ABLE TO CARRY US BOTH FOR TOO MUCH LONGER. AT THIS SPEED, HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAINTAIN A STEADY COURSE

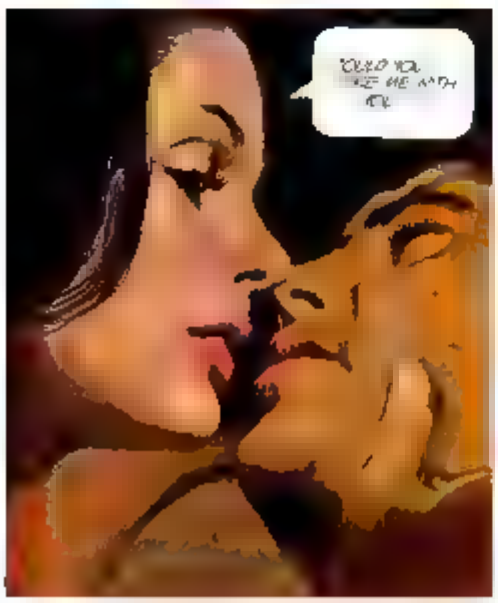
WE'RE STILL FALLING
WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!
I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF WE'LL EVER GET OUT OF THIS MESS
DON'T BE SUCH A PISS SUMMAT I'VE GOTTEN OUT OF WORSE JAMS THAN THIS ONE FIRST OFF, WE MUST FIND A SPOT WHERE WE CAN SPEND THE NIGHT
LOOK OVER THERE! SHELTER AT LAST!

WE SPENT THE NIGHT HERE WE SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE AT THE DAYLIGHT TOMORROW

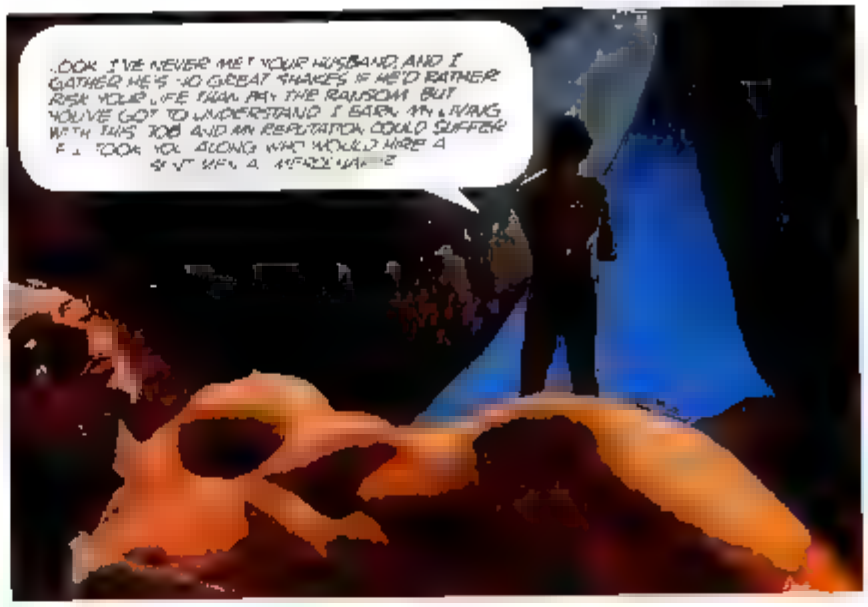
WE'LL HAVE IT SHARE HIM BLANKET

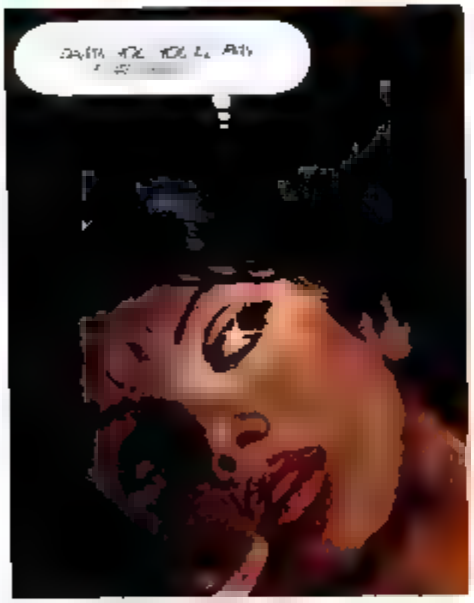
I DON'T WANT EVEN TO THINK ABOUT WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF MY HUSBAND SAW US HERE

THERE'S NO REASON HE SHOULD EVER FIND OUT BESIDES I FEEL VERY GOOD

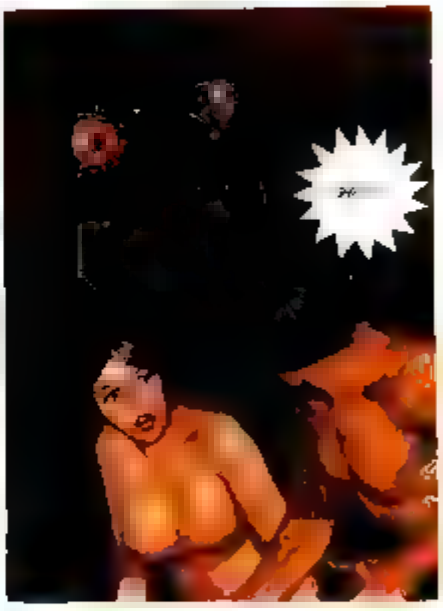

COULD YOU BE ME WITH YOU

NO THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE I CAN'T
BUT I'D YOUR HUSBAND AS WE


..OOK I'VE NEVER MET YOUR HUSBAND AND I
GATHER HE'S NO GREAT SHAKES IF HE'D RATHER
RISK YOUR LIFE THAN PAY THE RANSOM BUT
YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND I EARN MY LIVING
WITH THIS JOB AND AN REPUTATION COULD SUFFER
IF I TOOK YOU ALONG WHAT WOULD HAPPEN



GRRROOO!



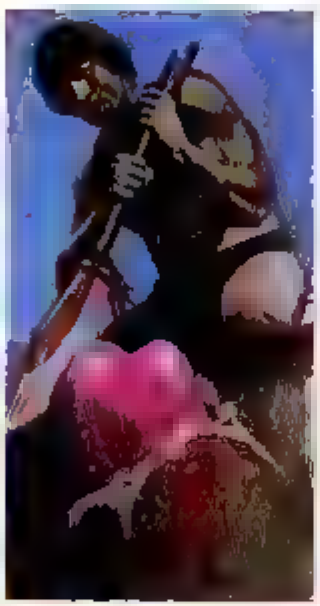
WE'RE IN A HEAVY ARMORED'S DEN
QUICK! LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE

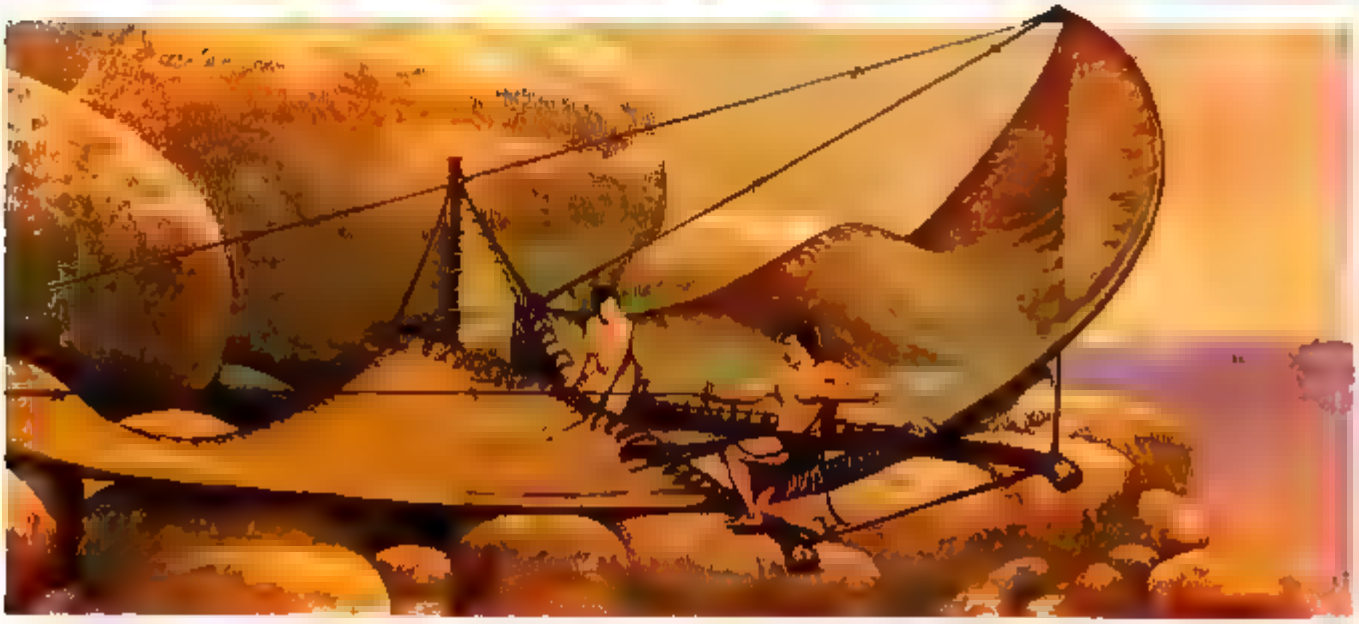
THERE'S NO ESCAPE WE'LL GET US
ALL WE MUST TRY TO FIGHT
FIGHT! RUN RUN AS FAR

GRR!!
arac!!
scrow!

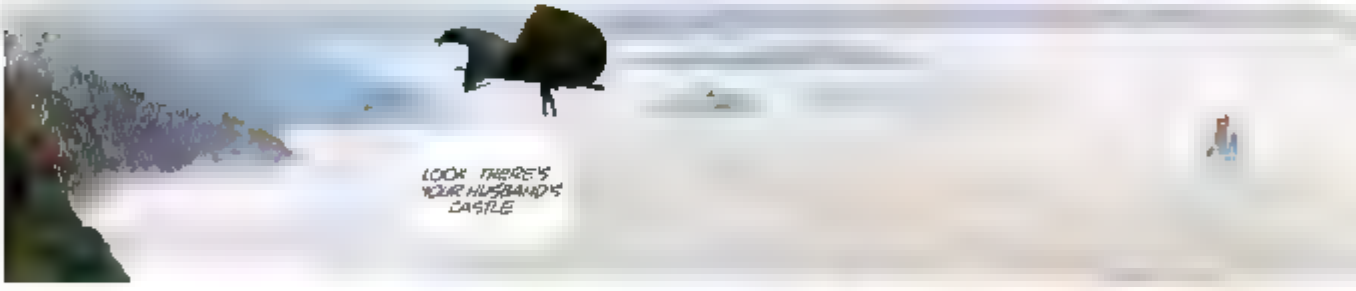
YOU CAN COME CLOSER NOW
THE BEAST IS DEAD AND BE
EVEN IF OR NOT HE JUST

WE MUST WORK FAST HE WILL
BEGIN TO GROW STIFF SOON
YOU CAN START BY CUTTING





DO YOU HAVE TO PUT YOUR ARMOR ON AGAIN? YOU DON'T WANT A REPEAT OF WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME
DON'T WORRY THIS TIME WE'LL FLY BESIDES I'VE ALREADY LOST TOO MANY THINGS ON THIS JOB


LOOK THERE'S YOUR HUSBAND'S CASTLE

IT'S THE MERCENARY AND LOOK HE'S BRINGING YOUR WIFE BACK WITH HIM

SHE SEEMS TO BE FINE BRING HER HERE AT ONCE AND LEAVE US BE
YES SIR

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So, pick up a copy for yourself and a couple of extras for stuffing Xmas stockings! Any way you look at it, this book is a must for the **Moebius** aficionado or anybody who's looking for a good time.

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Spotting the Demons

Getting to Know a Culture by Its Fear Fantasies

by Mick Farren

Illustration by Christopher Hoffman

If you happen to be in the civilization-inventing business, find out what a people fears. Take a look at the dark side of its collective fantasies. Primitive cultures tell firelight tales of the varied nasties that lurk in the nighttime places of nature: the demons, goblins, ghosts, and evil spirits, all the nameless supernatural horrors of dark forest or fog on a bare mountain. More developed societies corral their more sophisticated terrors into the fantasy end of entertainment: into speculative fiction, horror movies, and ray-gun operas. In either case, the culture processes its fear and attempts to make it manageable by transforming menacing reality into drama and symbolism.

Take the Victorian middle class as a perfect example—the class that threw up H. G. Wells and Bram Stoker. It had come out of the industrial revolution ahead of the game. After an era of such massive change, its members craved stability in which to enjoy their new affluence. Invasion by a foreign foe or uprising by the new class of industrial workers—whom they were so busily oppressing—were the twin perils to the Victorians' comfortable lives. It was little wonder that *War of the Worlds* and *The Time Machine* were best-sellers. The invincible Martians were the ultimate horrible invaders. The sinister and subhuman Morlocks, who lived under the ground and tended the bowels of industrial Utopia, were an equally form-fitting representation of the Victorians' frightened vision of the workers. Wells's novels took these fears to the most terrifying extremes but, comfortingly, offered a way out. Bacteria killed the Martians, and the Morlocks were defeated by a leap through time. The Victorians didn't want only security; they wanted reassurance.

They also hated sex. It was a random, uncontrollable factor in their world view. If not heavily shackled by a patriarchal morality, they believed, it threatened to destroy family ties and the system of inheritance that was the core of their system. Count Dracula's night creeping embodied all of those anxieties. He was irresistible, he was immortal, and he had the strength of ten. He was a snappy dresser and an aristo (and thus superior to the middle-class male). Worst of all, he was a foreigner. As the spirit of unbridled passion, he could tear daughters from fathers, wives from husbands; he could ruin reputations and families. Fortunately, he could be offed by a well-placed wooden stake.

The 1950s were also a time of affluence, an even more insecure affluence. The world had gone nuclear, and man had the capability of wiping himself out with the awesome forces that he'd discovered. East and West would go all the way with H-bombs, and we'd either be vaporized or back in the Stone Age. It was a time of paranoia and mistrust. Commies skulked in the shadows and teenagers were crazy. Even bad weather was blamed on the bomb. Schlock cinema interpreted these crawling fears of the nuclear unknown as a procession of giant beasts that stomped and ravaged civilization as they knew it. In 1954 the giant ants in *Them!* took over the storm drains of Los Angeles. In the previous year atom tests melted *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms* from the arctic ice, and it had to be shot dead by a youthful Lee Van Cleef before it ate the Coney Island Cyclone roller coaster. Two years later Godzilla got his break in show business by smacking on Tokyo after a similar rude awakening. The big beasts lumbered on and on: *Gorgo. The Deadly Mantis. The Giant Claw. The Giant Behemoth.* A radioactive fog had exactly the opposite effect on Grant Williams when, in 1957, he turned into *The Incredible Shrinking Man.*

Anything alien was instantly distrusted. Something close to a post-McCarthy psychosis imagined extraterrestrials as ravening monsters with fangs and tentacles, super-Russians who arrived in flying saucers. *The Thing* ate humans, the creature in *Not of This Earth* wanted to steal our blood, *The Blob* absorbed us and got bigger and bigger. The pods wanted to snatch our bodies. About the only alien in the fifties pop mythology who meant us any good was Michael Rennie when he came to save us from our nuclear folly in *The Day the Earth Stood Still.*

Like the Victorians, the fifties moviegoers were also seeking reassurance. They were being overwhelmed by the information that they were helpless. The cold-war news was too much. If the nuclear nightmare or the menace of the unknown was represented by a giant ant or a Blob, they demanded a James Arness or a Steve McQueen to save them. They wanted a way out, and the movies almost always provided one. This underlines the near uniqueness of the message in *The Day the Earth Stood Still*—that man has to quit his atomic ways or die. All the rest claimed that man, civilization, and America would always triumph in the nick of time. They were little more than propaganda films.

Roger Corman's *Panic in the Year Zero* was the most graphic and the most dishonest. An all-

American family under the patriarchal leadership of Ray Milland discover to their dismay that Los Angeles has been nuked while they were on a camping trip. The unthinkable reduces itself to an aggressive pastoral romp. Distant mushroom clouds mark the fall of H-bombs. Beyond that, not a leaf moves and nothing glows in the dark. Gee. Atomic war can be fun. It frees the survivors to have every adventure of the popular postdisaster genre. Ol' Ray immediately grabs all the supplies he can and hightails it out to hole up in a cave until World War III is all over. The family studiously avoid all contact with humanity except when Ray and teenage son Frankie Avalon get to blow away a gang of juvenile hoodlums, and Frankie scores a girl friend. Finally the military shows up to restore law, order and morality. The unthinkable even has a happy ending.

In the sixties, fear evolved and the entertainment forms reflected the evolution. It was an introspective decade, despite all the upheaval and tumult, and a lot of its troubles started because the results of that introspection clashed with an entrenched status quo. Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove* (1964) marked how our attitudes had changed. We really had stopped worrying about the bomb; we feared the men who were messing with it. We tried to laugh at them, because we had realized that there could be no happy ending in that story.

Somewhere between the fifties and sixties, the collective fear switched from the external to the internal. We stopped fretting about Soviet missiles or Chinese invasions. We stopped grasping for mommy/daddy reassurance and began to wonder about ourselves, our culture, our purpose here on the planet." The Kennedy assassination and its murky aftermath triggered fears of vast, dark conspiracies so secret and so powerful that they were impossible to fight. It generated an almost universal distrust of government. The morally dubious Southeast Asian war polarized the culture into violently reacting hawks and doves. Teenagers bombed banks, and blacks torched the ghetto.

In the media, shock-symbol climaxes reflected the emotional chaos and conflict. In Arthur Penn's *Bonnie and Clyde* the venal and sexless forces of law and order machine-gun the bank-robbing, antihero lovers to jerking, orgasmic death. Peckinpah's *Wild Bunch* gleefully butcher the soldiers of civilization up to the moment when they are overwhelmed. Grinning rednecks blow the bikers after truth clear to nirvana in the last minutes of *Easy Rider*. Peter Fonda is racked by hallucination horrors of the fun kind in *The Trip*, and Michael Caine is racked by hallucination horrors of the secret-police-torture kind in *The Ipcress File*. It was a culture being bent out of shape by a basic ambiguity. There was a desperate desire for enlightenment, but at the same time there was an equally desperate fear of what that enlightenment might reveal.

In the sixties, we prayed for saviors. The aliens were prime candidates. Tentacled horrors no longer drove the flying saucers. Aliens in the sixties were golden beings with a third eye, cold, efficient, and honorable like Spock, or just plain enigmatic like the *2001* monolith. It was all a part of the children of the cowboys praying to the Indians to save their souls, part of the search for a cozy, comfortable god to make things nice. Only the "Invaders" TV series presented bad extraterrestrials, and this was just the conspiracy view of Roy Thinnes, the central silent-majority paranoid character who was attempting to warn us of the invisible invasion. "The Invaders" was a rare glimpse of the other side of the coin.

The search for God was abandoned somewhere between Kent State and Watergate. Culture turned on itself. We moved into the era of est, analysis, psychobabble, jogging, Jacuzzis, and Led Zeppelin. Self-awareness turned quickly to self-absorption. Conditioned to living with anxiety, we began to use fear as a means of titillation. Rats, snakes, sharks and bees. Texans with chain saws. And the living dead crawled from the media swamp to deliver unpleasant but irresistible jolts. Fear itself was being rendered manageable. Entertainment, particularly the cinema, passed to the realm of the tactile. Form and content were abandoned. The Me Generation wanted only a physical sensation from what they saw up on the screen. Even children were being conditioned to the idea of fear as a plaything, with their nonstop diet of Alice Cooper, Godzilla and Kiss.

We even got the demons back. (In what was almost the search for God in reverse, the devil searched for you.) Fright entertainment reached a low point with the box-office success of *The Exorcist*. The cinema placed itself in the roller coaster and flume-ride business. There were rumors of subsonics and subliminals. People even became paranoid about what was being done to them inside a movie house. Some of the audience threw up, others had nightmares, and a few actually shrieked themselves to death, as exorcisms, a rash of cast-out devils, swept through supposedly civilized communities.

The Exorcist was a low point in the seventies only because nobody had seen the eighties. In many areas today, we can smell panic in the air. Punk rockers and survivalists tell us there's no future. Environmentalists point out that we are walking around in a miasma of carcinogens, toxins, dioxins, and radiation leakage. Nothing is safe and nothing can be trusted. We are constantly being bombarded by information, most of which is depressing. The culture is overburdened by information, and inputs are being ripped out as individuals flee to the comfort of Jesus, fascism, watching the president act belligerent on TV or buying a gun. Entertainment spirals between total escape and total unpleasantness as though it could hardly manage to keep up.

The Stephen King genre of fiction offers a play world that confirms the idea that everything's threatening. Horror lurks in familiar places. Telekinetic teenage girls destroy the junior prom; old, empty snowbound hotels turn writers into psychopaths. From a single cell to a suburban house, anything can go berserk. In the junior leagues, slice and slash provide the prelude to teen sex. Foreplay happens against a background of sexually loaded, mass meat cleaving. The only respite comes from the big screen, special effects romps or the Kodachrome, erotic *Blue Lagoon*. You only had to be in a movie house last summer for *Superman II* or *Raiders of the Lost Ark* to realize that a lot of the attraction is being in a womb of darkness, with a huge screen and Dolby sound. It's likely that the *Star Wars* saga will go on for the next twenty years—if the civilization lasts that long.

Star Wars notwithstanding, we don't seem to be expecting any outside help. The idea of benign intervention from space died when *Alien* became a box-office hit. Our first contact with a being from beyond had to be with the baddest mother in the galaxy. Good aliens had their swan song with Spielberg's *Close Encounters*, and even that was only a lavish compendium of UFO paranoia topped by an almost hippie nostalgic happy end.

When measured jolts of either fear or escapism become a form of entertainment in themselves, they tend to act as an addictive drug. It was true of the Roman games, and it is true of today's slash cinema. The audience builds a tolerance; the shocks have to get stronger and the massage more absurdly soothing. Fifty years ago Lugosi and Karloff actually made people's flesh creep. Now they run on Saturday-morning TV as a laugh riot for the tots, along with the Count Chocula breakfast-cereal commercial. This week we need an electric carving knife to get off; next week, a sliced eyeball. When entertainment gets that hyper, you reach the *Caligula* point, when fantasy and reality become interchangeable, and the sliced eyeball and the neutron bomb are equally fantastic. (Who can fear the bomb when they've been playing Missile Command since the age of four?) We no longer use fantasy to examine our fears from a safe distance. It's an aid to wrapping ourselves in a cocoon of dangerously numb belligerence. It occurs to the puritan in me that it may be time for a cultural drying out. The other alternative is sitting in the ruins with no culture at all, apart from some scary campfire tales.

I think this is where I came in.

An English writer living in New York City, Mick Farren contributes regularly to New Musical Express, *the* Soho News, *and assorted international magazines. He has six of novels published in the U.K., the latest being* The Song of Phaid the Gambler.

Theory of Evolution

by Michael Gross

THE ART OF LEO & DIANE DILLON

On a tree-lined street in a borough of brownstones stands a surprisingly sleek building four stories high. It is a quiet intruder in this domain of neighborhood life, a modernist illusion amid nineteenth-century styles. The borough is Brooklyn, rich in artistic heritage. Walt Whitman, Hart Crane, and Richard Wright lived there. McKim, Mead, and White designed its famous museum, Olmstead and Vaux planned its graceful Prospect Park. Brooklyn was a birthplace of American vision; it remains so today.

On the fourth floor of that unusually modern Brooklyn building, sunlight streams through tall glass windows, glazing the surface of two ebony drawing boards within. There, under pastel and palette, an illustration takes shape. Soft colors grace subtle figures; robust hues adorn crisp-edged backgrounds; and the air is filled with the jazz of hand in harmony with thought. It is an artist's music, the music of movement. As the music plays, a picture is born, and it, like the sleek white building, shares a secret that is the artist's own: they are all illusions. Neither picture, structure, nor artist is what it seems. The illustration is a canny display of hidden images, kaleidoscopic trompe l'oeil. The structure is an ambitious renovation, the transformation of a brick row house into a modern residence in which to live and work. The artist is not one artist, but a "third artist," the collective talent of two individuals whose visions and skills have been wondrously united in their work. They are Leo and Diane Dillon.

In two decades, the Dillons have established a reputation at the top of three challenging fields. They have twice received the Caldecott Medal for children's book illustration from the American Library Association, the Hamilton King Award for excellence in illustration from the Society of Illustrators in New York, and the Hugo Award for science fiction and fantasy art.

This focus of attention on their illustrations, however, has obscured a fuller picture of the Dillons' art, and their penchant for privacy has helped to perpetuate a provincial view of their versatility as artists. For behind the work that has earned them a place in the history of American illustration are aesthetics that root the Dillons in the tradition of a movement that blossomed over a century ago and led to a revolution in applied art: the English arts-and-crafts movement.

In his American lecture tour of 1882 Oscar Wilde eloquently defined the ideals of that group of artists.

> People often talk as if there was an opposition between what is beautiful and what is useful. There is no opposition to beauty except ugliness. all things are either beautiful or ugly, and utility will always be on the side of beautiful things, because beautiful decoration is always an expression of the use you put a thing to and the value placed on it. Every material and texture has certain qualities of its own, and the use one puts the object to should guide one in the choice of design. We should remember that all the arts are fine arts and all the arts are decorative arts.

Lettering by Alex Jay

I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream

Nine years later, at the annual exhibition of the Belgian avant-garde group the Société, or Cercle des Vingt, the children's books of Pre-Raphaelite artist Walter Crane, the new poster art of France and the ceramic art of A. W. Finch were displayed alongside the latest Symbolist and Post-Impressionist paintings. For the first time since the Middle Ages, the applied arts were accorded the same status as the "fine arts" in Europe. The seeds of art nouveau had been sown, and it is fitting that seventy-five years later the art of Leo and Diane Dillon stands as testimony to the vitality of two movements whose ideals were so close to their own. Their work confronts the same concerns that gave rise to the arts-and-crafts and art nouveau artists. Then, as now, contemporary applied arts were ignored by an establishment of critics and academicians. Then, as now, mass production had led to a decline in the style and quality of functional objects.

The Dillons' response to these conditions has been much the same as those of Walter Crane, Hector Guimard, Will Bradley and Louis Comfort Tiffany: to produce illustrations, objects, and architectural designs so beautiful that they must be viewed as works of art.

Art nouveau was, as its impresario Samuel Bing said, "a movement, not a style." Its goals were to elevate the aesthetics of applied art to the level of fine art and to embody organic form and practical function in decorative design.

It is to these principles that the Dillons aspire today. An overriding concern of their work is to produce art whose beauty is in harmony with its purpose. With their illustrations, this frequently extends to an active role in the overall design of the book jackets and album covers on which the art will appear. In their private work, this includes planning, construction, and decoration of a four story residence and studio incorporating their aesthetics of space and design. As both illustrators and artisans, their work merits serious consideration for the unique way in which it has come to reflect the ideals of both the arts-and-crafts and the art nouveau movements.

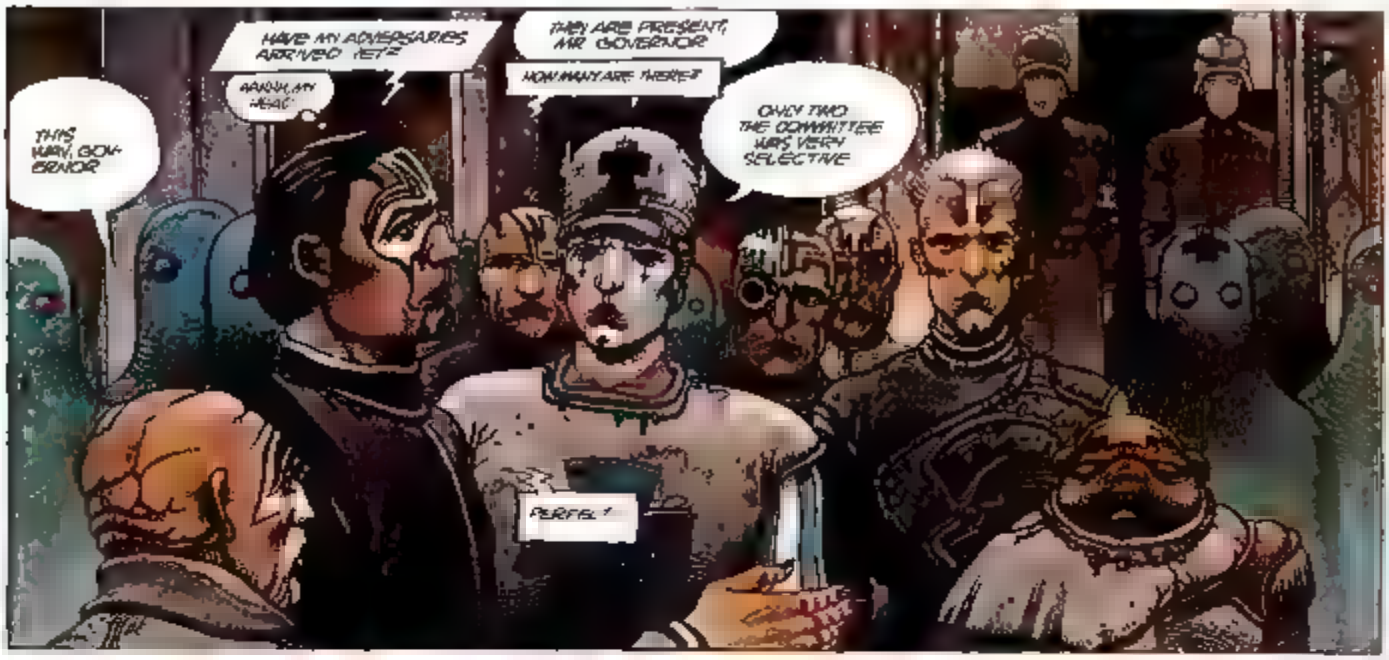
Simply stated, they have adopted multiplicity of style and technique as a characteristic of their art and they have applied it with a methodology of true collaboration. Whereas many artists will interpret a subject according to their singular styles, the Dillons have turned this approach upside down and made diversity their form of expression. They agree upon a style and technique to suit a subject and apply it in their own expressive ways. The results reveal an eclecticism of unusual depth and character.

—Byron Preiss

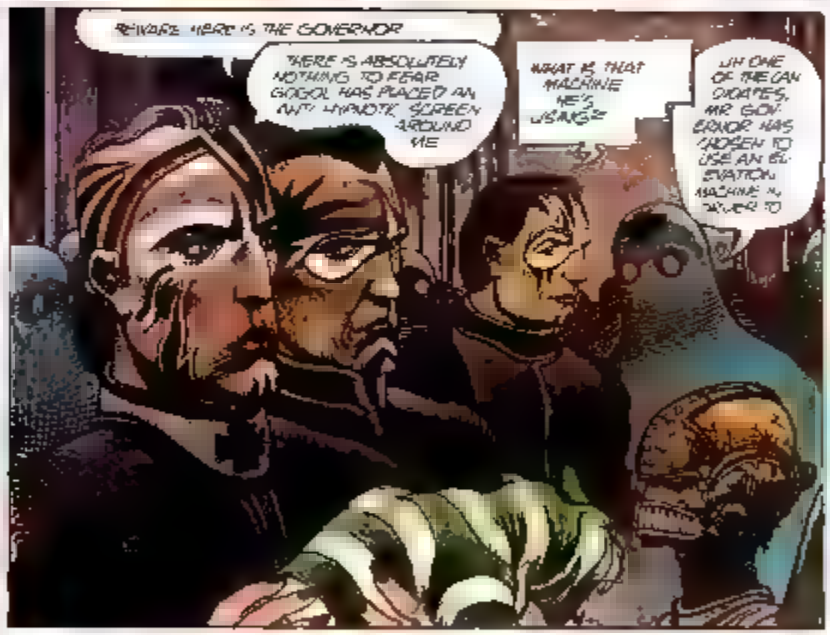
Above **Owl Woman,** a limited-edition print for Cathcart Galleries
Opposite Illustration for record album cover of Ray Bradbury's **The Illustrated Man, The Veldt, and Marionettes, Inc.**

THE IMMORTALS' FETE

Last we saw Horus comfortably compact in Nikopol's body hypnotized Governor Choublanc during a television interview forcing him to endorse Nikopol in the forthcoming election. Choublanc's followers are aghast but so far the indestructible duo seem to have gotten away with it.

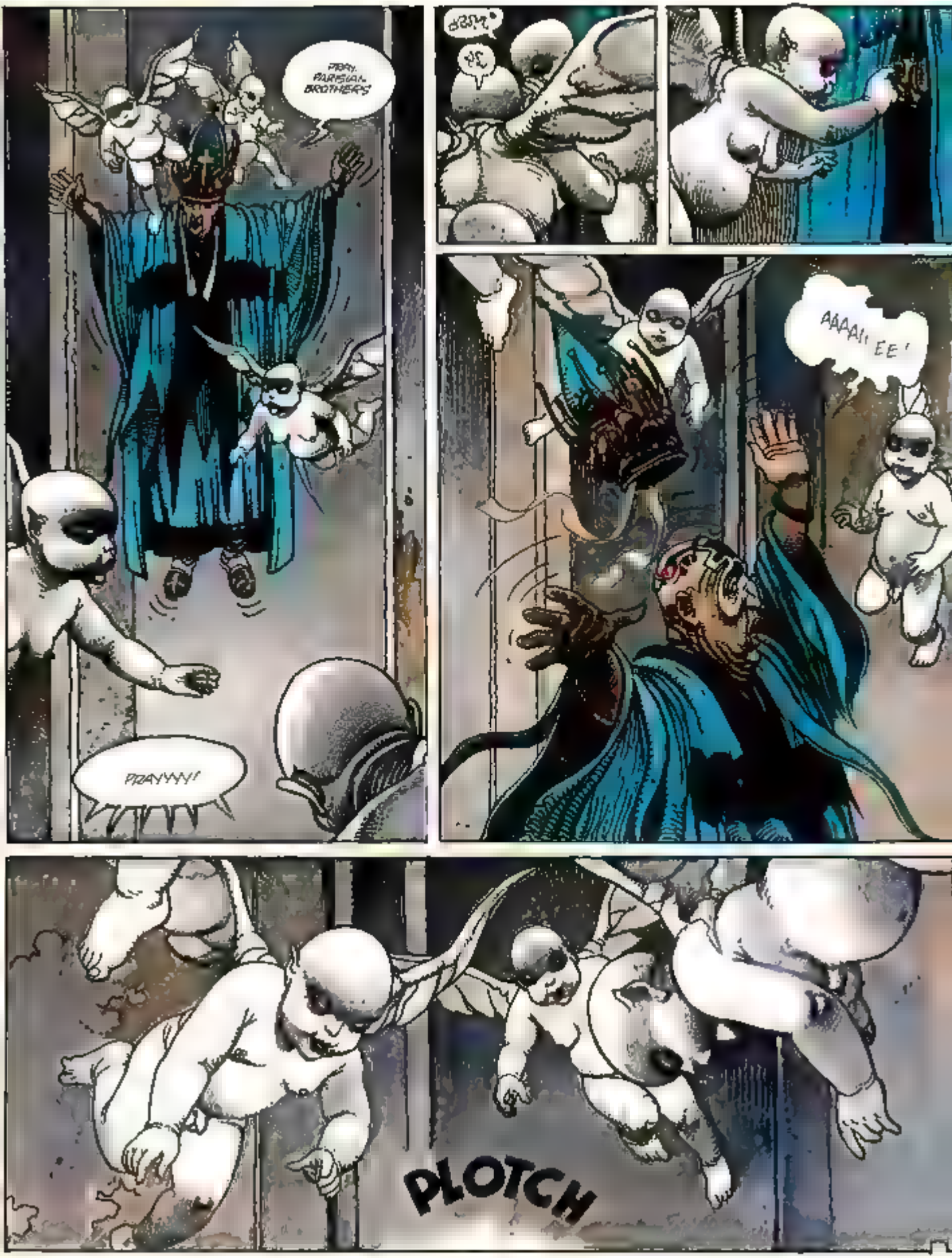

HAVE MY ADVERSARIES ARRIVED YET?
THEY ARE PRESENT, MR GOVERNOR
HOW MANY ARE THERE?
AHHH, MY HEAD!
THIS WAY, GOVERNOR
ONLY TWO. THE COMMITTEE WAS VERY SELECTIVE
PERFECT!

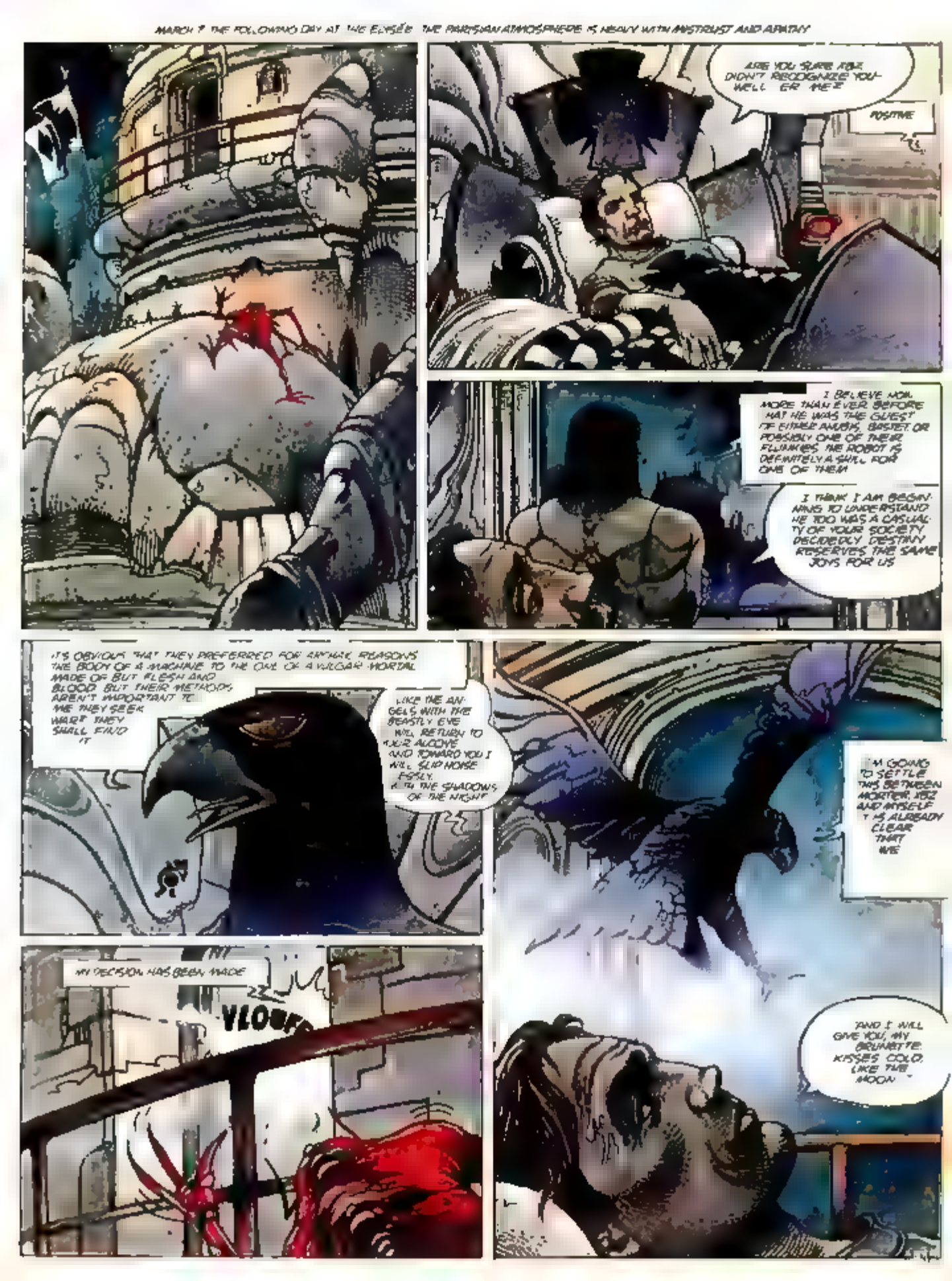
THE OVERTHROW WILL BE VERY EASY. I SEE BURNOLDE-MORTIER. I WONDER WHO THE SECOND CANDIDATE WILL BE?
I DON'T GIVE A DAMN. DISCONNECT ME. I'M GOING TO EXPLODE


REMARK. HERE IS THE GOVERNOR
THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO FEAR. GOGOL HAS PLACED AN ANTI-HYPNOTIC SCREEN AROUND ME
WHAT IS THAT MACHINE HE'S USING?
UH ONE OF THE CAMOUFLAGES, MR GOVERNOR HAS ASKED TO USE AN ELEVATION MACHINE. HE WANTS TO

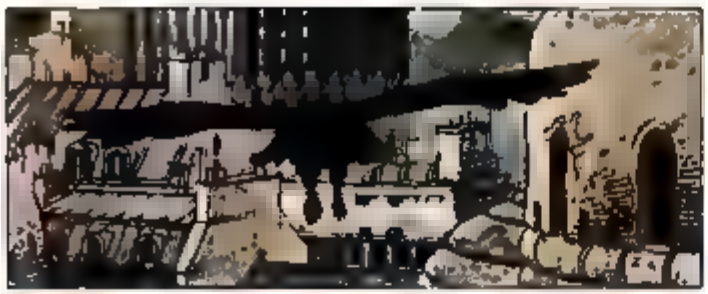
I AM REALLY QUITE CONCERNED ABOUT ALL THIS. HAVE YOU HEARD ANYTHING MORE ON JUST HOW HE MANAGED TO GET HIMSELF ELECTED?
NO. NOTHING AT ALL, SIR. KEEP IN MIND, THOUGH, THAT ALL MEMBERS OF THE SELECTION COMMITTEE, THE POPE INCLUDED, ARE SUSPECT. I CAN'T HELP BELIEVING THEY WERE HYPNOTIZED IN SOME WAY
MR XB7 YOU SAY?
YES

THAT'S ODD I FEEL AS IF I AM SURROUNDED BY TWO THICK BARRIERS ON EACH SIDE OF ME I KNEW THAT TELEPATHIC CAT WAS UP TO NO GOOD
I'M ALSO GET TWO WEIRD VIBES FROM THAT ROBOT
HEY, NIKOPOL WAKE UP! DON'T FALL ASLEEP ON ME IN THE NOW
AWWHH
MY HEAD IT'S KILLING ME
LOOK TO YOUR LEFT AND TRY TO KEEP CALM
EH ?!?
CALM DOWN, I SAID
YES? CHIEF-ADJUNCT JOSE? WHAT IS HE DOING HERE?
THAT'S WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW
BNNNNNN
IT IS THEN, IN THE NAME OF THE ALL-POWERFUL WHO GUIDES OUR HEALTHY AND SAINTLY CITY WITH HIS LIGHT, THAT I DEDICATE THIS DAY TO SOLEMNLY INTRODUCE TO YOU AS GOD IS MY WITNESS, THE THREE CANDIDATES CALLED UPON TO FACE THE VOTERS UPON THIS OCCASION OF OUR NEXT ELECTORAL MATCH
BUT LET US ALL GATHER ROUND AND TOGETHER JOIN IN A FERVENT PRAYER FOR OUR BLESSED CITY AND THE ALL-POWERFUL, ITS PROTECTOR
OOOOHHH!
BRAVO!
LOOK! HE'S ACTUALLY RISING!
IT'S A MIRACLE!
ENCORE! ENCORE!


PRAY, PARISIAN BROTHERS
PRAYYYY!
AAAAH! EE!
PLOTCH

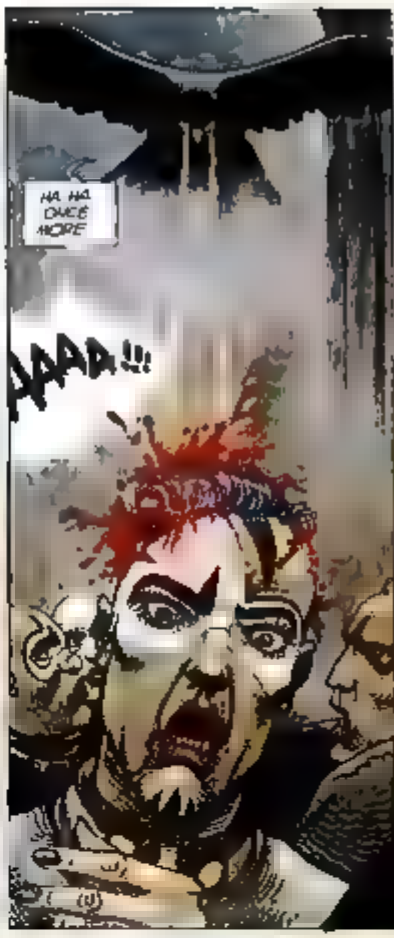

MARCH 7 THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE ELYSÉE THE PARISIAN ATMOSPHERE IS HEAVY WITH MISTRUST AND APATHY
ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU-WELL ER ME?
POSITIVE
I BELIEVE NOW MORE THAN EVER BEFORE THAT HE WAS THE GUEST OF EITHER ANUBIS, BASTET OR POSSIBLY ONE OF THEIR FLUNKIES. THE ROBOT IS DEFINITELY A SHELL FOR ONE OF THEM
I THINK I AM BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND HE TOO WAS A CASUALTY OF YOUR SOCIETY DECIDEDLY DESTINY RESERVES THE SAME JOYS FOR US
IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THEY PREFERRED FOR ANYWAY REASONS THE BODY OF A MACHINE TO THE ONE OF A VULGAR MORTAL MADE OF BUT FLESH AND BLOOD BUT THEIR METHODS AREN'T IMPORTANT TO ME THEY SEEK WHAT THEY SHALL FIND IT
LIKE THE ANGELS WITH THE BEASTLY EYE WILL RETURN TO YOUR ALCOVE AND TOWARD YOU I WILL SLIP MORE FURTIVELY THAN THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT
I'M GOING TO SETTLE THIS BETWEEN MORTEM, YOU AND MYSELF IT IS ALREADY CLEAR THAT WE
MY DECISION HAS BEEN MADE
VLOUP
AND I WILL GIVE YOU, MY BRUNETTE. KISSES COLD, LIKE THE MOON

AND THE CARESS OF A SERPENT DRAWING AROUND A PIT
WHEN THE LIVID MORNING COMES, YOU WILL FIND MY EMPTY PLACE. HENCE IT SHALL BE COLD UNTIL NIGHT FALLS
AS OTHERS BY TENDERNESS
ARGGHH!
QUICK, BASTET!
FILTH BEAST
HARE?
NO

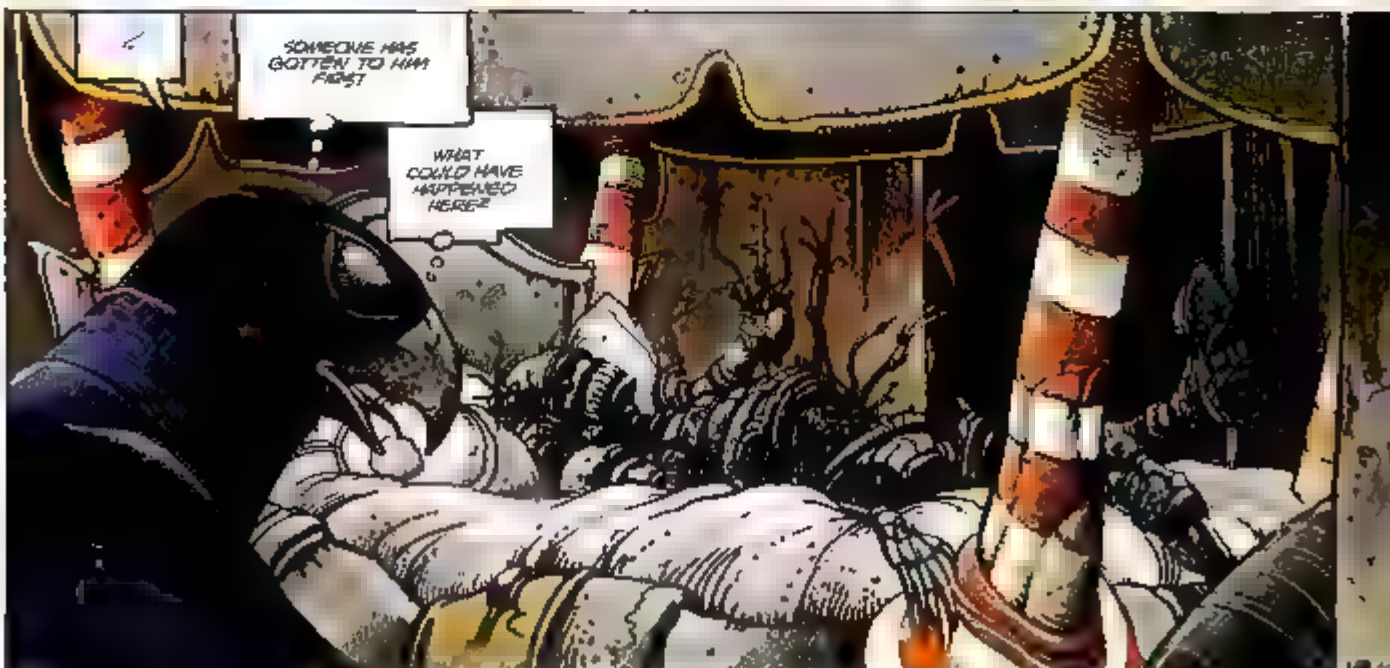


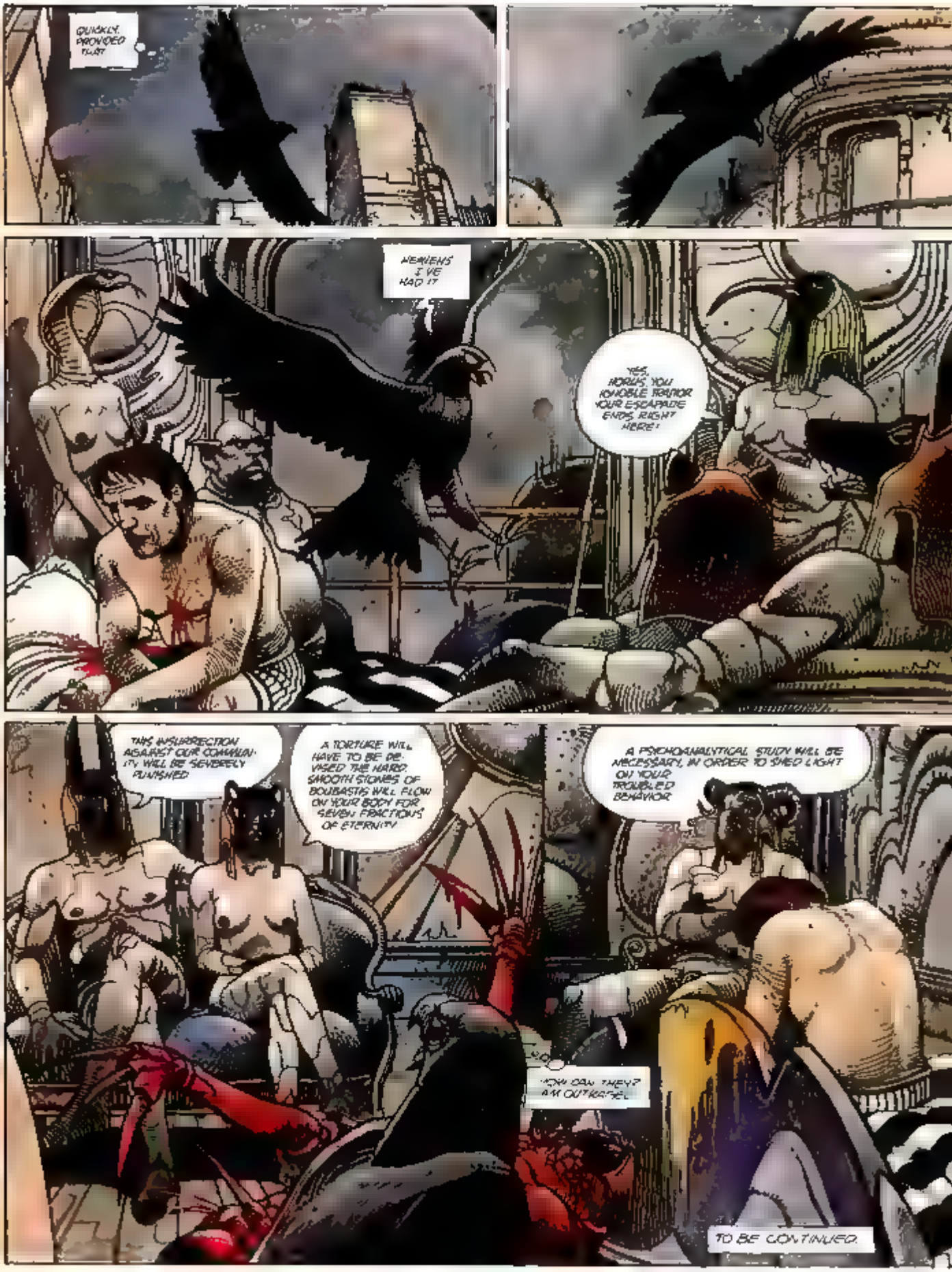
WHAT A SUPERB NIGHT CAP! SHALL WE DRINK TO YOUR SUCCESS, DEAR AURELIEN, AND TO A RENEWED ORDER!
CERTAINLY, MY NOBLE FRIEND I HAVE ONLY TO WAIT UNTIL I AM DEFINITELY ASSURED THAT THERE ARE NO LONGER ANY OBSTACLES IN MY PATH

THERE HE IS!
GOGOL'S WARRIORS ARE ACTING UP!


HA HA ONCE MORE
AAAA!!!

THE OTHER ONE


SOMEONE HAS GOTTEN TO HIM FIRST
WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED HERE?


QUICKLY, PROVIDED TRUST
HEAVENS I'VE HAD IT
YES, ADRIAS, YOU IGNOBLE TRAITOR YOUR ESCAPADE ENDS RIGHT HERE!
THIS INSURRECTION AGAINST OUR COMMUNITY WILL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED
A TORTURE WILL HAVE TO BE DEVISED THE HARD, SMOOTH STONES OF BOUBASTIS WILL FLOW ON YOUR BODY FOR SEVERAL FRACTIONS OF ETERNITY
A PSYCHOANALYTICAL STUDY WILL BE NECESSARY, IN ORDER TO SHED LIGHT ON YOUR TROUBLED BEHAVIOR
HOW CAN THEY? I AM OUTRAGED!
TO BE CONTINUED.

CYMBIOLA

THE ATTEMPT

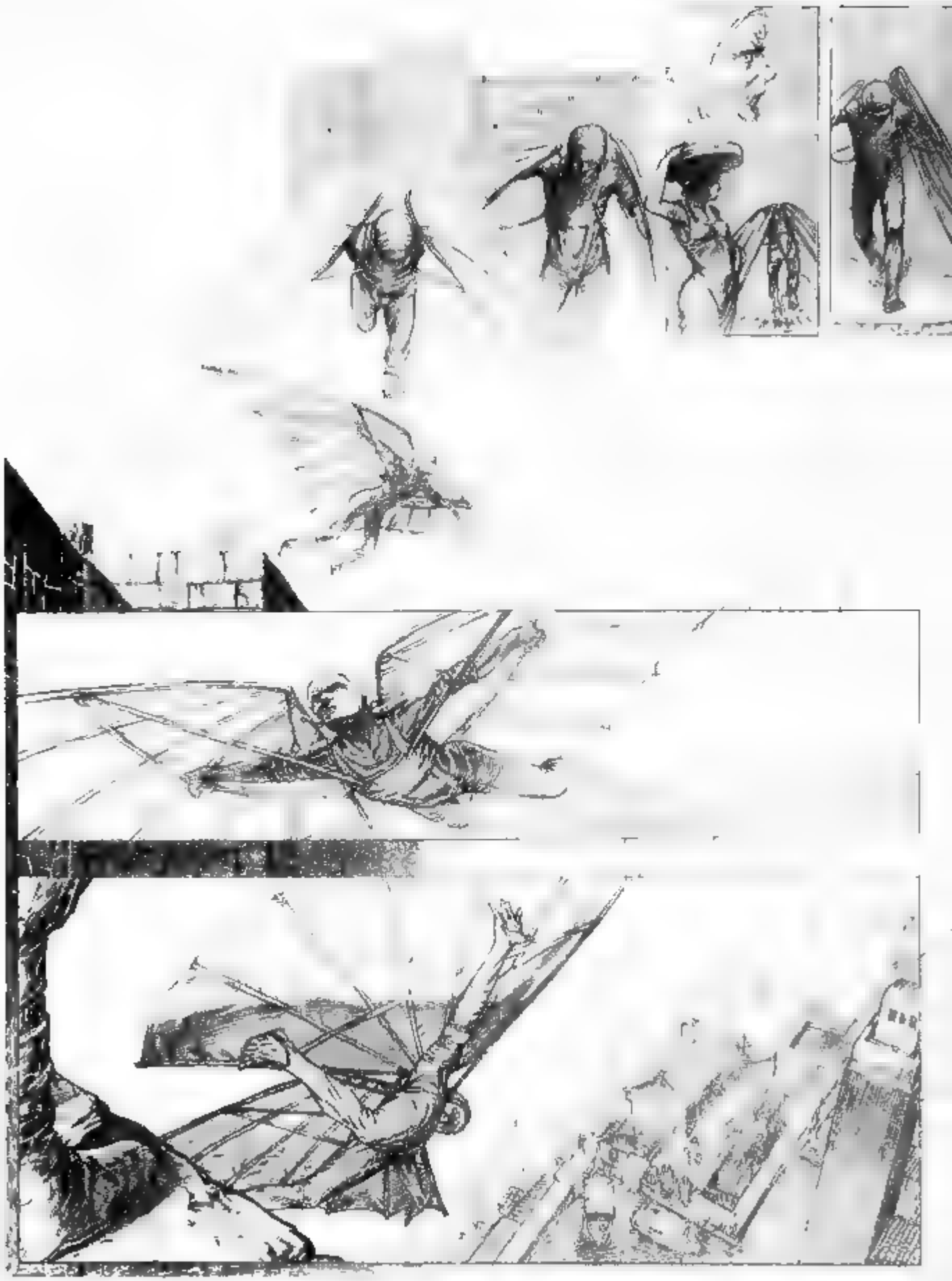
CYMBIOLA VOLUTOCORONA IMPERIALIS

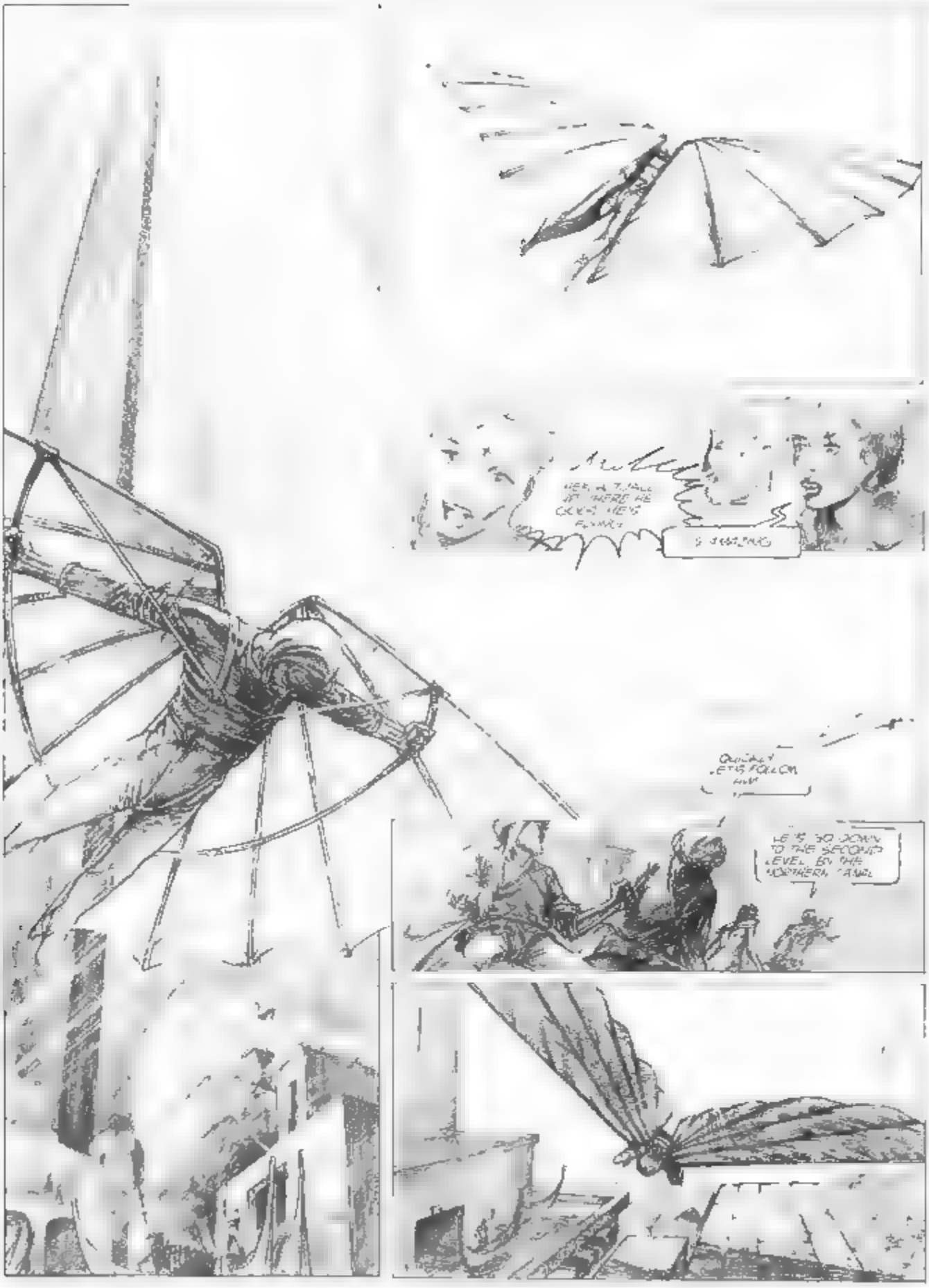
ONE OF TEN SPECIES THAT QUOTED A CHORDA CLEF USED BY MOLLUSKS INTERESTED IN THE SPECIES CYMBIOLA IS BEST KNOWN FOR ITS IMPOSING SIZE AN ANTHELOGIC MOVEMENT & THE STUDY OF CYMBIOLA ARMIGEL & THE NORTHERN QUEENSLAND NOT TOO DISTANT & INDIRECT PARALLEL TO THE CRIMAL HARLEQUIN GRAL & SERES & HE CAN UNDERSTAND A GROUP OF ROLLING PLANETS WHOSE ABSORPTION OF THE JEWEL HAD INTRIGUED HIM MANY OBSERVERS HAD ACTUALLY NOTED THE FEELING OF ALREADY LIVED" THAT THEY HAD EXPERIENCED DURING THEIR NOCTURNAL FLIGHTS THEY DON'T NEED ANY APPRENTICESHIP THEY ALREADY KNOW HOW TO FLY THEY ASSUMED THAT THE KNOWLEDGE THEY HAD DISCOVERED DURING THE DEEP SLEEP WAS DUE TO A METAMORPHOSIS THAT CAME FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE AGES JUST BEFORE THE FLOOD THIS WAS NOT ONLY A REMINISCENCE OF THE PAST BUT ALSO A MEMORY OF THE FUTURE

YES OLD MAN. BUT SHOW ME THAT ONE!
OKAY. I'LL TAKE IT. HAVE IT SENT UP THERE

CYMBIOLA NORTH
HERE HE IS COME ON, LET'S GO THEN

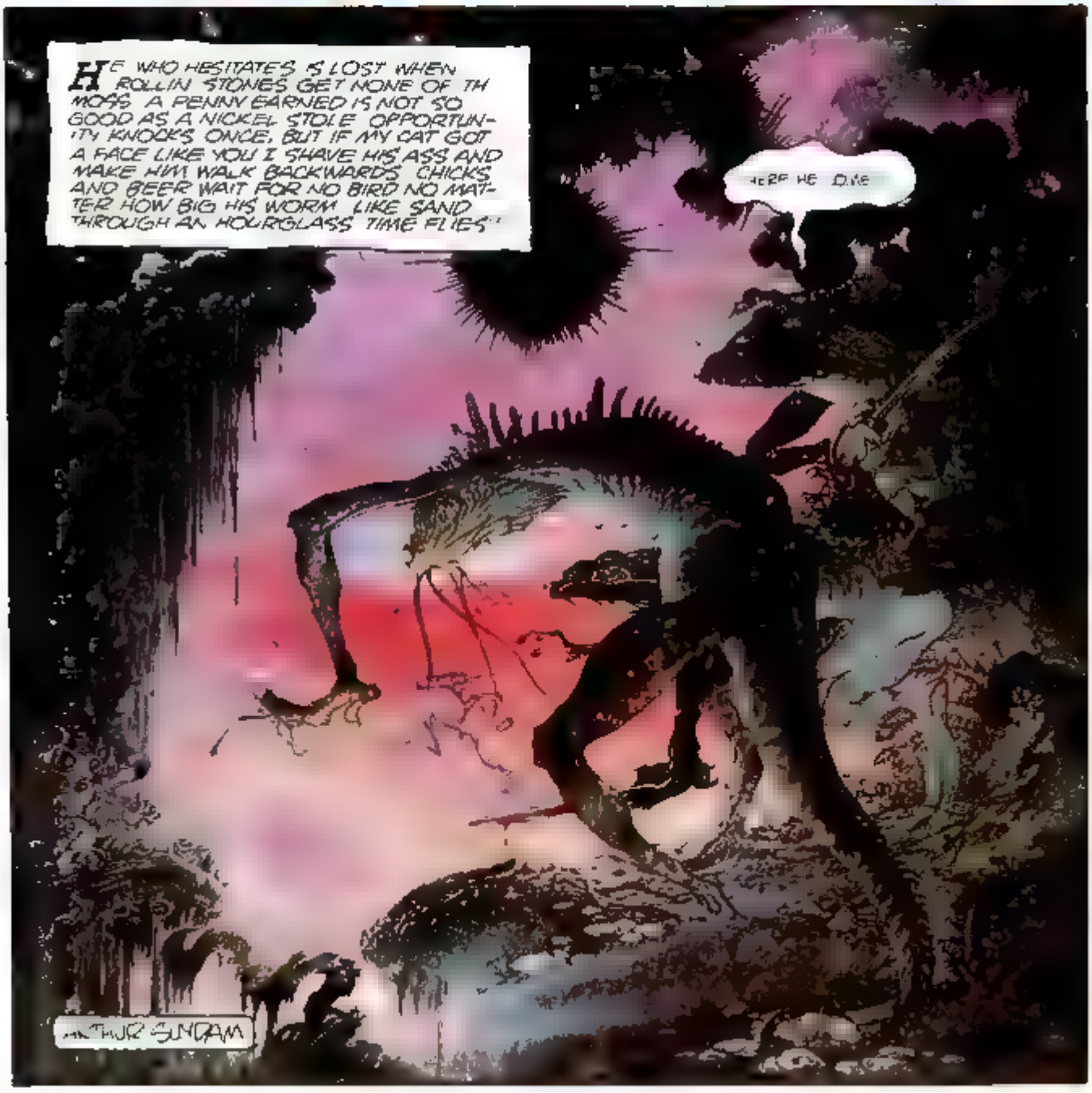
ALL RIGHT THEN DON'T LOSE YOUR TRAIN OF THOUGHT IT HAS TO WORK




QUICKLY! LET'S FOLLOW HIM!
HE'S GO DOWN TO THE SECOND LEVEL ON THE NORTHERN FLANK

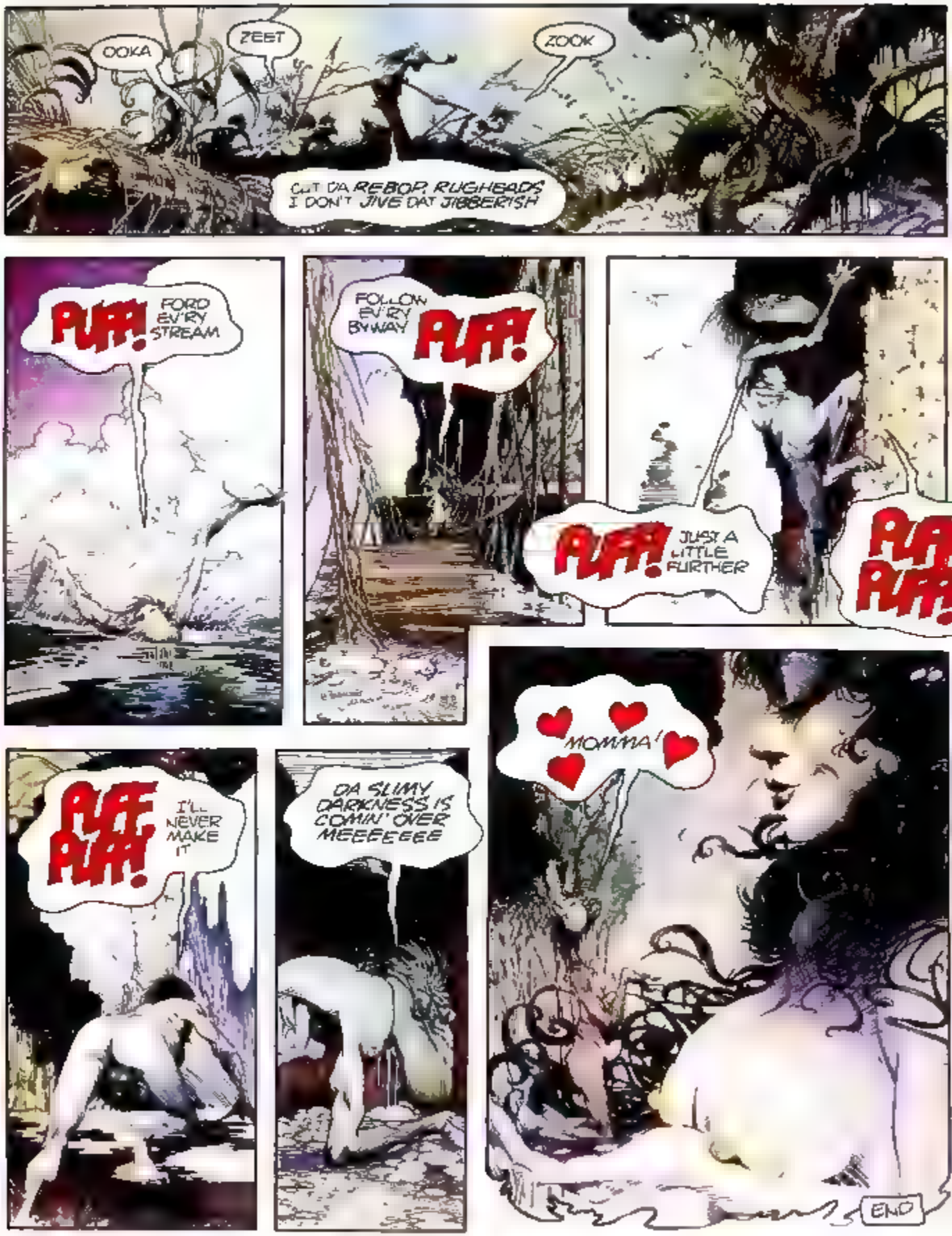
TO BE CONTINUED

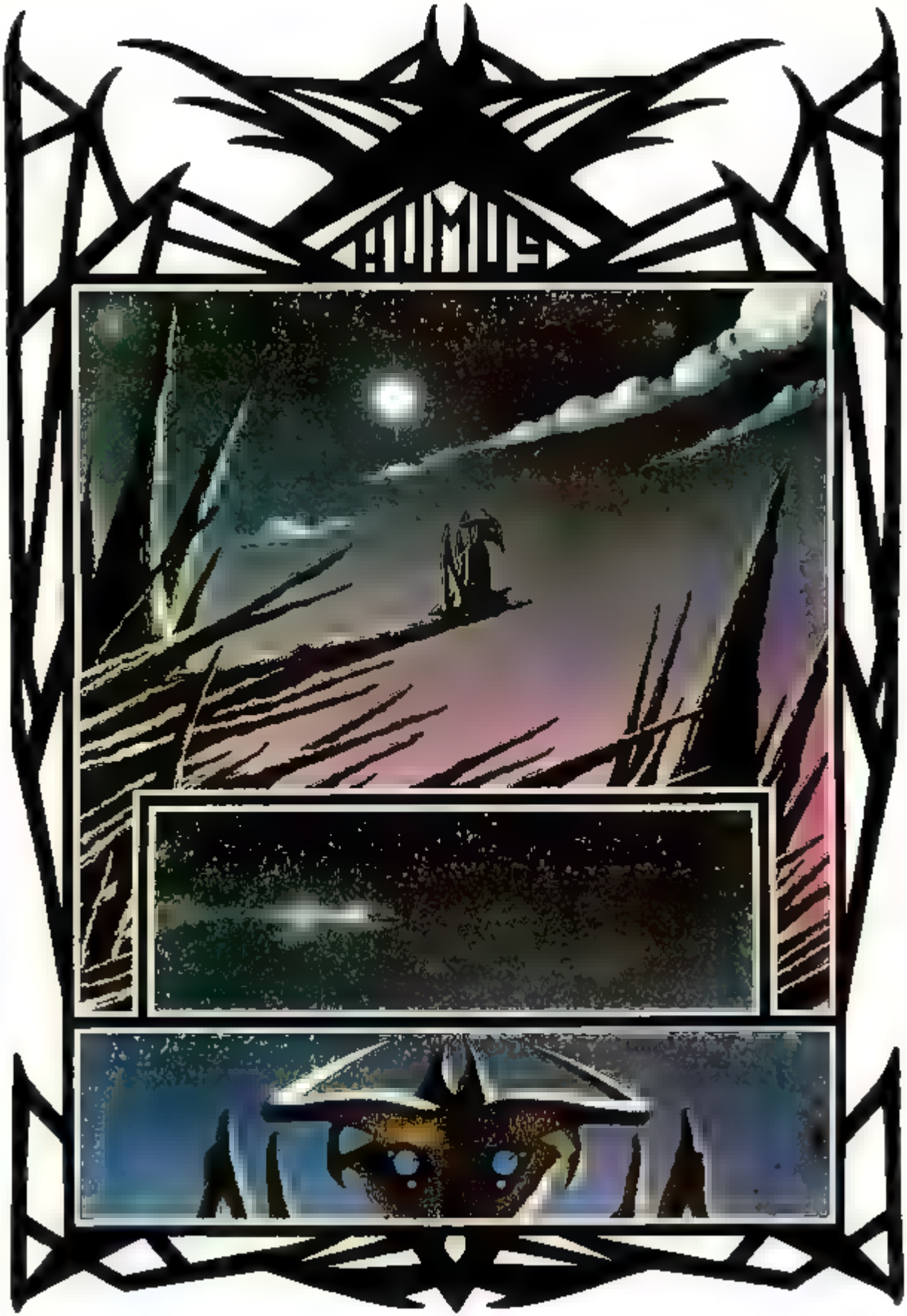
MUDWOG


HE WHO HESITATES IS LOST WHEN ROLLIN STONES GET NONE OF TH MOSS A PENNY EARNED IS NOT SO GOOD AS A NICKEL STOLE OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS ONCE, BUT IF MY CAT GOT A FACE LIKE YOU I SHAVE HIS ASS AND MAKE HIM WALK BACKWARDS CHICKS AND BEER WAIT FOR NO BIRD NO MATTER HOW BIG HIS WORM LIKE SAND THROUGH AN HOURGLASS TIME FLIES!
HERE HE COME
ANTHONY SUNDAM

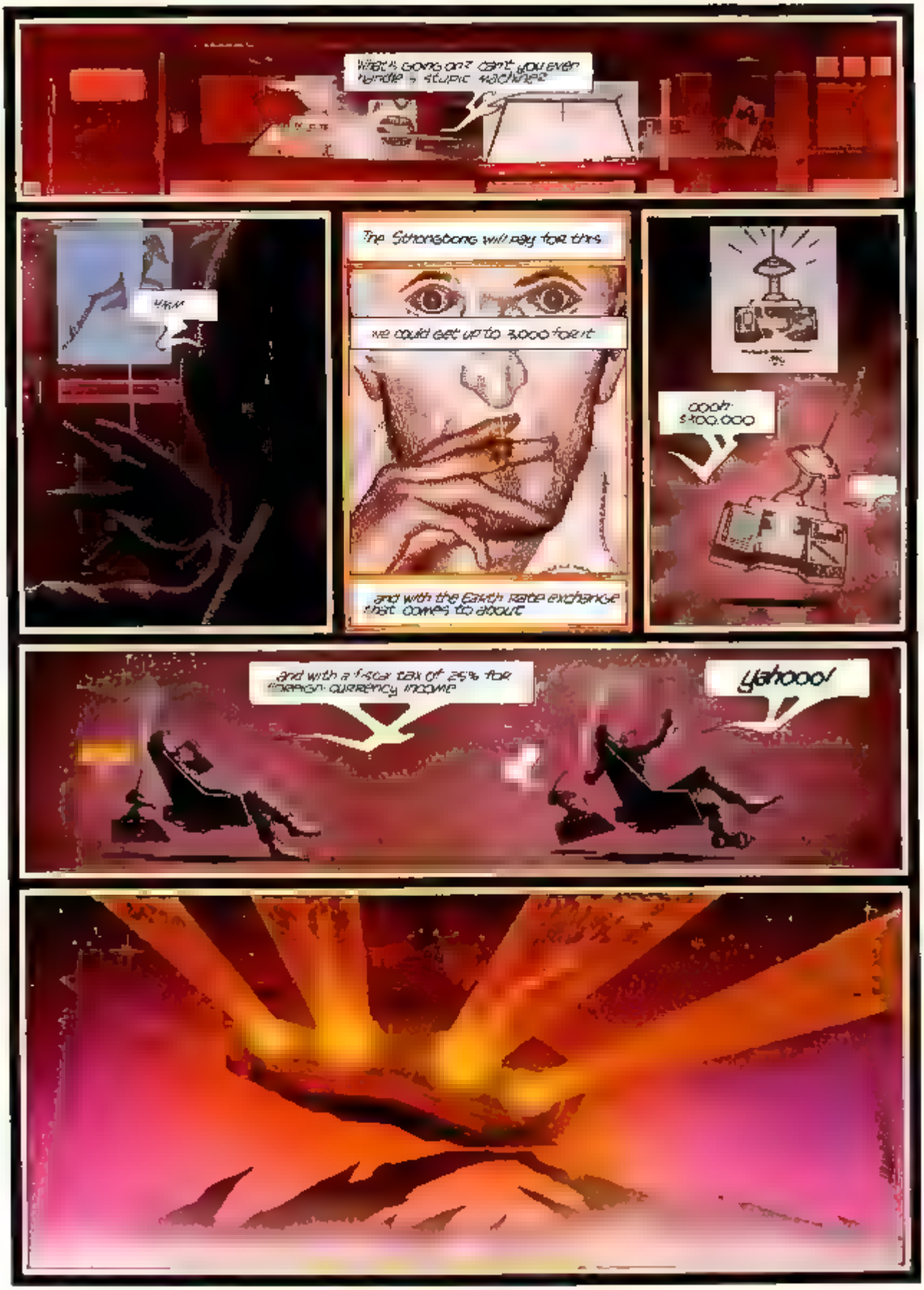
I'M LATE, I'M LATE FOR A VERY IMPORTANT DATE
HAR, HAR!
HAVE AT 'IM
REAM HIS ASS
DUH 'EAH
HA!
HE'S COMIN' MY WAAA ERF!
WUNK!
HO!
DUH I GOT 'IM ACK'
YOU DIRTY NO-GOOD SCUM-SUCKIN' WART!" DAT WUZ ME BROTHER!
TAKE DIS!
TAKE THE "A" TRAIN
SLASH SWISH ZWAP SLT
COME BACK HERE AND FIGHT, YA GODDAMN COWARD!
TWENTY-THREE SKEE-DOO

NO TIME T' DELAY, RAY !
GOTTA SCOOT, ZOOT !
FEET IS AALL REEEEEET !
RRRRRRR
VROOM!
SAFETY NOTE: AL WAS LOOK BOTH WAYS BEFORE CROSSING THE STREET
C'MERE BIRD
?!!!
DIS IS WHERE I GET OFF
MAMA'S LITTLE ANGEL !
GOO-GOO ! GA-GA ! POOP-POOP ! BLEEP-BLEEP !
NO TIME FOR DANCIN'
OR LOVEY DOVEY
GLUB
I AIN'T GOT TIME FOR THAT NOW!


OOKA
ZEET
ZOOK
CUT DA REBOP, RUGHEADS I DON'T JIVE DAT JIBBERISH
PUFF! FORD EV'RY STREAM
FOLLOW EV'RY BYWAY
PUFF!
PUFF! JUST A LITTLE FURTHER
PUFF PUFF!
PUFF PUFF! I'LL NEVER MAKE IT
OH SLIMY DARKNESS IS COMIN' OVER MEEEEEEE
MOMMA!
END

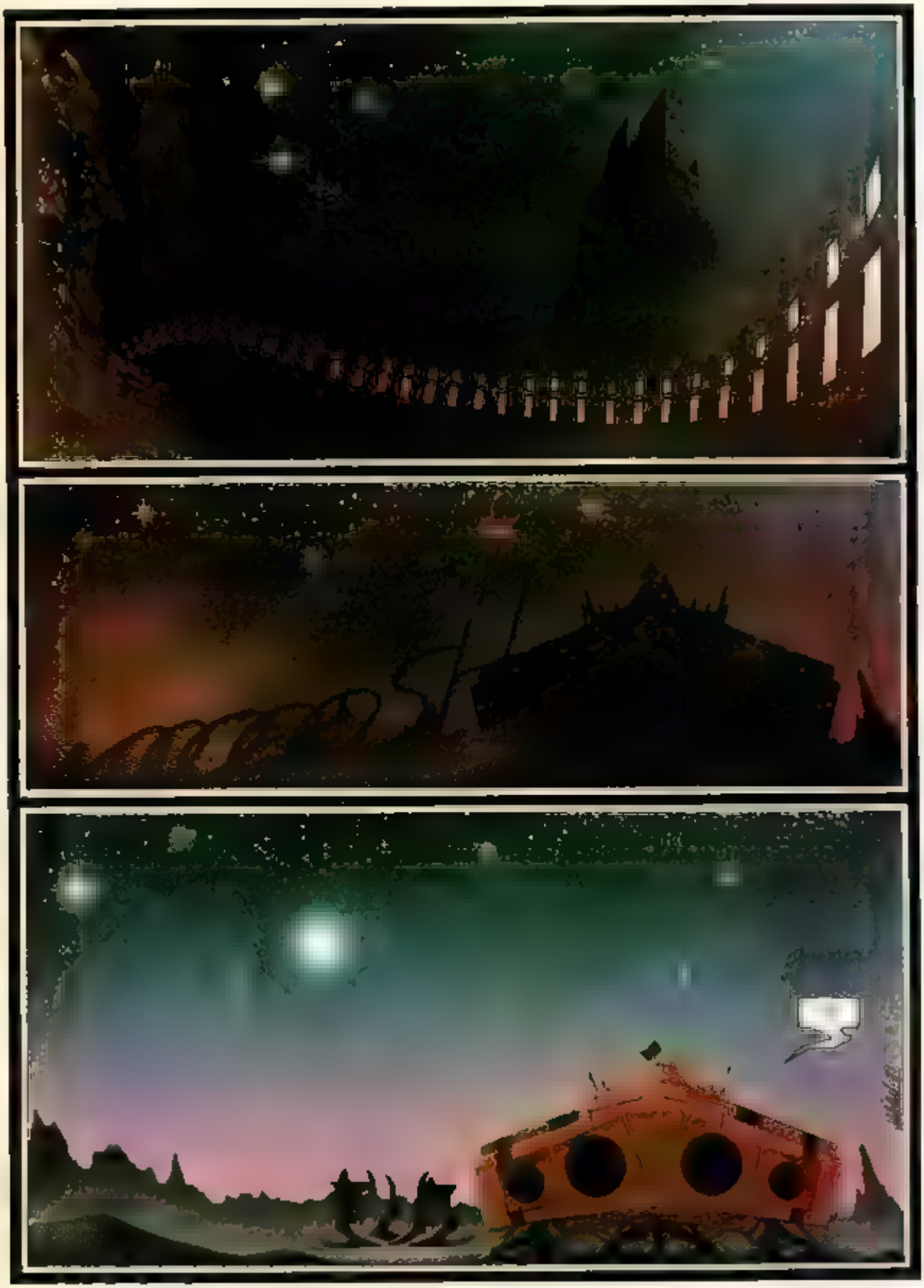


Now that sequence once again sat
Spiit!


What's going on? Can't you even handle a stupic machine?
Uhm
The Stronsbone will pay for this
we could get up to 3,000 for it
and with the Earth rate exchange that comes to about
Oooh $100,000
and with a fiscal tax of 25% for foreign currency income
Yahooo!

WHOoooooooos.

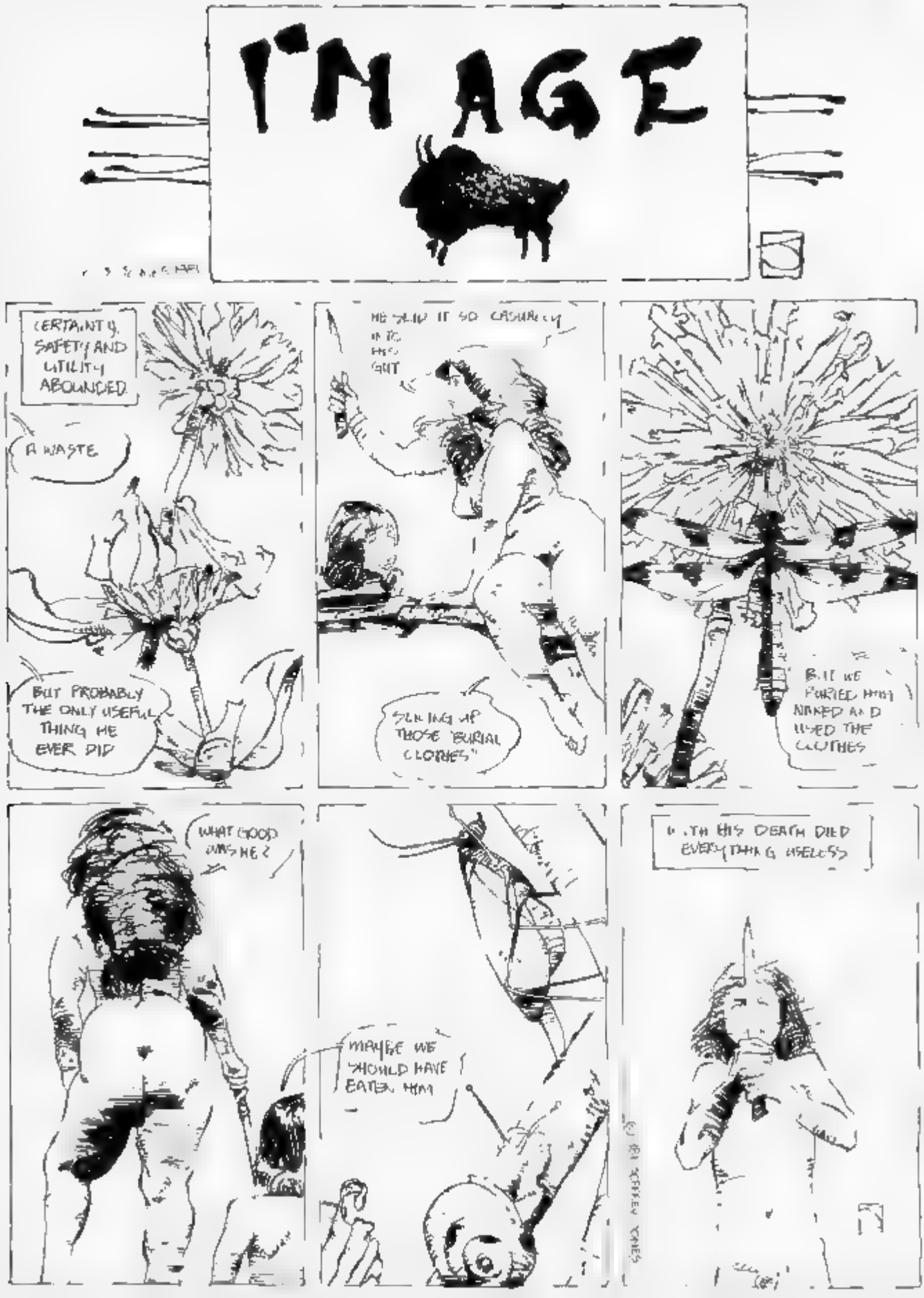
BLAM!
?
SPAK!
BJMP!
BLAM!
BLAM!

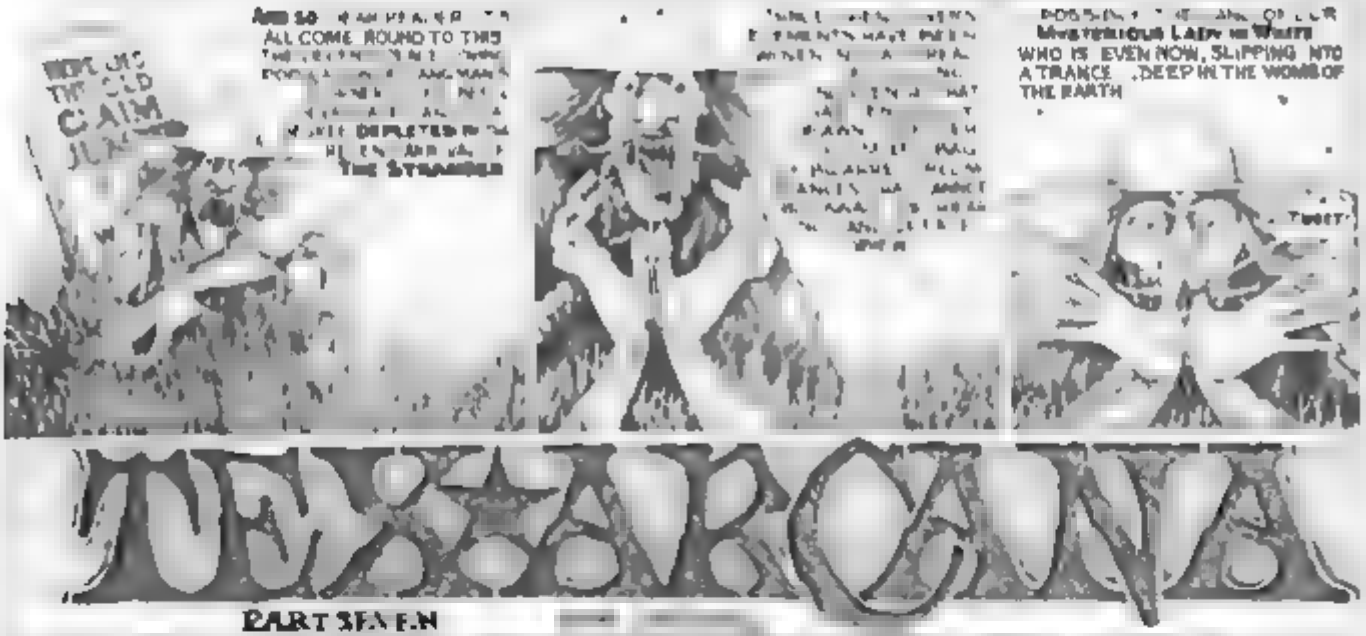


ONE EVENING, I SAW RED!

AYYY MARCH ! CAN YOU PUT YOUR FILTH SOMEWHERE ELSE?
SUGA

CRAC!
PLOUF!
BLAM!
BADUM!
DZING!
GOT YOU ALL!
KNOCKING
TOC TOC TOC!
BLAM!

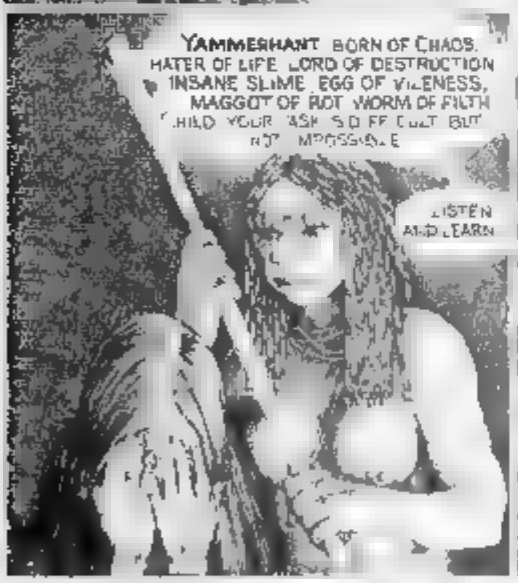

I'M AGE
CERTAINTY, SAFETY AND UTILITY ABOUNDED
A WASTE
BUT PROBABLY THE ONLY USEFUL THING HE EVER DID
HE SLID IT SO CASUALLY IN HIS GUT
SLICING UP THOSE BURIAL CLOTHES"
BUT WE BURIED HIM NAKED AND USED THE CLOTHES
WHAT GOOD WAS HE?
MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE EATEN HIM
WITH HIS DEATH DIED EVERYTHING USELESS


ALL COME ROUND TO THIS
THE STRANGER
Mysterious Lady in White
WHO IS EVEN NOW, SLIPPING INTO A TRANCE ..DEEP IN THE WOMB OF THE EARTH
TWIST

TEX ARCANA

PART SEVEN

CHILD, MY WISDOM COULD NOT WITHSTAND THE DARK POWER OF YOUR ANCESTORS MY KIND ARE BUT SHADOWS AND HALF REMEMBERED LEGEND, WHILE YOURS PREVAIL
O, DEATH MOTHER, MOST ANCIENT SORCERER IT IS YOUR GREAT WISDOM THAT I LACK
THE NEW REPLACES THE OLD WHY SHOULD I HELP YOU?
O MOTHER OF MYSTERIES, THE EVIL MY KIND WAS BORN WITH WE NOW TURN UPON OURSELVES I AM SWORN TO DESTROY THIS CURSE YOUR PEOPLE ARE GONE I PRAY YOU, SHOW THOSE WHO REMAIN THE MERCY YOURS WERE DENIED, FOR THERE IS MUCH GOOD LEFT I HAVE GREAT POWER, BUT MY TOIL IS VAST AND WEIGHS HEAVY ON ME NOW I MUST WAR AGAINST THE MONSTER YAMMERHANT, AND I KNOW NOT HOW


YAMMERHANT BORN OF CHAOS, HATER OF LIFE LORD OF DESTRUCTION INSANE SLIME EGG OF VILENESS, MAGGOT OF ROT WORM OF FILTH CHILD YOUR ASP SO FF OUT BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE
LISTEN AND LEARN

MEANWHILE BACK AT THE **NOOSE AND GIBBET SALOON**, THE UNFORTUNATE TOWNFOLK OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS ARE IN FOR YET ANOTHER IN A LENGTHENING SERIES OF UNPLEASANT SURPRISES

THEAH WUZ HORR'BLE BAT-THANGS WHIZZIN AROUND. AN THEN
THEN OUTA NOWHERE UP POPS MARIA!
ONLY, SHE WERE UGLIER'N A TOAD'S ARMPIT!
ALL DRIED-UP LOOK N WITH BIG OL TUSHES! YUCK!
I'M POURIN ME A DRINK!

WHERE D'YA WANT HER SHERIFF ?
BILL! SOME MORE COFFEE !
WILBUR, WHAT TH' HELL'S GOIN'ON OUT THERE ?
WELL SHERIFF RIGHT AFTER WE FOUND JOAN A WE COME PON THAT THERE STRANGER AN' AN' HE HAD SADIE WITH HIM !
SADIE ?! NOW WE'RE GIT'N SOMEWHERES
ER UH WHAT'S BECOME OF JED ?
OH YEAH JED HE'S BACK THERE IN TH' CAVE
YEAH WELL YOU CAN THANK YOUR STARS YOU'RE TOO POPULAR WITH HIM,
OH SHERIFF I ALMOST FERGOT JED WANTS YA T' HIGHTAIL T' BACK THERE WITH A FULL FLEDGED POSSE !
WHAT FER ? THEY AIN'T BUT FOUR OF 'EM RIGHT? SLIM, APACHE HAROLD, CHICO AND THAT THERE STRANGER
YEAH BUT AT LEAST THREE OF 'EM'S DEAD !
WHAT ABOUT SADIE ?
BILL ! FIX ME UP A CANTEEN WITH COFFEE !
WE'RE GONNA SAVE SADIE !
WHAT TH' HELL'S GOT INTO THEM SHERIFF
HOLD IT, SHERIFF ! WE'RE GOIN' WITH YA
AND SO, AS THE DESERT SKY BLUES ITS WAY TOWARD DAWN, A VARIED BUT DETERMINED BAND OF CITIZENS THUNDERS ITS WAY TOWARD A CAVERN IN A CANYON
...A CAVERN WHERE SOMETHING RATHER BIZARRE HAS JUST OCCURRED!
WHAT TH'...
...HELL !
IT'S SLAMMERHAND !
YAMMERHAUST MY DEAR

YES I'M YAMMERMANT
HI!
AND I'M HERE - I'M YAMMER - ER AND I'M HERE - HELP YOU - HELP YOU NOT YOU SEE - TO HARM YOU - NOT TO HURT YOU AT ALL - YOU DO UNDERSTAND THAT, DON'T YOU?
OF COURSE I DO BUT YOU SEEM - YOU'LL PARDON MY SAYING SO - RATHER TOO - FEEBLE
WELL, I - I HAVE GREAT FORCES. YES - I HAVE - I HAVE A GREAT MANY THINGS AT HAND TO USE - YOU SEE
DISGUISE - S ONE
- IS - S NOT - NOT - TRUE FACES
I - I'M YAMM - HI! I HAVE THREE - SOMETIMES HARMFUL
OUTSIDE THE CAVE, THE SUN SNEAKS UP BEHIND THE SHERIFF AND POSSE
I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A LAWMAN!
- HIS NEXT - MANLY - SHERIFF
CLAM UP WE'LL CATCH 'EM WITH THEIR PANTS - DOWN
SHERIFF - LISTEN!
MORE O' THAT CHICKEN CRAP!
LATER OUT?
NO, SHERIFF - I'M TALKIN' NOISE - LISTEN
THIS WAY!

WHAT TH HELL IS IT?
BRING THE TORCH OVER HERE
IT'S A BLAMED LIZARD!
WELL DAMN!
I SORTA THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE SADIE
I JUS KNOWED T'WERE GONNA BE JED
I HAFWAY 'SPECTED IT T'BE TH STRANGER
PLUMB DISAPPOINT'N, AIN'T IT?
YEAH!
QUIET! QUIET! JEEZ YOU PEOPLE MUST BE LOCO! BUNCHA TRIGGER HAPPY JARMINTS WHUDDA GO AN' DO THAT FER? T'WEREN'T NOTHIN BUT A PORE HARMLESS LIZZARD
I JUS DUNNO WHAT COME OVER ME SHERIFF
ME NEITHER
ME NEITHER SHERIFF
ME NEITHER
I HATE THEM DAMN LIZARDS
SOMEBODY MUSTA HEARD THAT THERE GOES OUR ELEMENT O SURPRISE I DON'T BELIEVE ANY O YA'S GOT THE BRAINS GOD GAVE GRITS
SHERIFF! SOMETHIN'S HAPPENIN TO THE LIZARD!
LORD GOD A'MIGHTY! IT'S. IT'S
IT'S A-CHANGIN' INTA JED!
HE'S DEAD!
PLUMB SHOT FULLA HOLES
JUS LIKE TH LIZARD!
C'MON!
LET'S MAKE TRACKS
I DON'T KNOW WHETHER T'FAINT OR BE SICK
C'MON, SHERIFF WE DONE ALL WE COULD HERE
WELL, BILL I RECKON T'S JUST YOU AN ME WISH WE'D BROUGHT SUMTHIN BESIDES COFFEE I NEED A REAL DRINK
NO YA DON'T SHERIFF Y'RE DOIN FINE
HEY! LOOK!
WHAT'S BECOME OF ED?

HE AIN'T THERE NEVER WUZ
YA MEAN WE JUST DREAMED JED?
WELL, YA KNOW. I GOT A WHOLE LOT OF EXPERIENCE SEEIN THINGS.
WHISKEY CRITTERS
BESIDES NOBODY COULD FIT A MAN JED'S SIZE INTO A LIZARD
WELL... ALMOST NOBODY
DID YOU HEAR THOSE GUNSHOTS?
HA YOUR INTREPID RESCUERS SADIE MY DEAR
THAT MEANS THEY HAVE FOUND OUR LITTLE SURPRISE YAM...YAMM'S. MY GUESS IS THEY ARE FLEEING IN TE TERR. HORROR!
YES! RUN! GET AWAY FROM HERE!
GOOD NOW THAT THEY RE TAKEN CARE OF WHAT ABOUT THE RING?
OH YES YOUR LITTLE PROBLEM WIT THE RING
I I FEEL T IT IS COMING SOON
WELL ER YOU, DEAR READER, AND EVEN I, HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED TO A COUPLE OF PRETTY ODD, AND HEAVY CHARACTERS, AS WELL AS SOME SURPRISING TWISTS, WHICH LEAD ME TO WONDER JUST WHO IS REALLY IN CHARGE HERE I HAD BEEN TOLD I WAS, BUT I HAVEN'T KNOWN WHAT WAS GOING ON SINCE EPISODE THREE OR FOUR SO OUT OF CURIOSITY, IF FOR NO OTHER REASON I AM FORCED TO SAY
TO BE CONTINUED EVENTUALLY

NEW MUSICS

I used hate [illegible] Blond and boring. I thought [illegible] calls [illegible] and [illegible] state. [illegible] by [illegible] ironizing honks [illegible] brace a [illegible] "third world" [illegible] myself [illegible] Marley [illegible] six years [illegible] and have stayed [illegible] drugs)

My [illegible] last summer when [illegible] of a susceptible [illegible] was stunned down [illegible] to ear [illegible] Black [illegible] *semitic* [illegible] gente [illegible] stum[illegible] out the [illegible] cash [illegible] the [illegible] obse[illegible] pass[illegible] One [illegible] subt[illegible] sion [illegible] I like [illegible] Goddard [illegible] Uhuru [illegible] Mange[illegible] response [illegible] musically seduc[illegible] fully capt[illegible]

Lotsa credit due to the rhythm section [illegible] Sly [illegible] and bassist R[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

HEAVENLY CHOIR

At a very early age, we fantasize about the world's bending to our desires. When it doesn't we adjust our fantasies, let the world in on its own terms (more or less), and grow. Others, however, amassing money, fame, and power, never have to abandon the illusion that the world bends.

Dougal Butler's sloppy, unfortunate memoir of his ten years as Keith Moon's personal manager, *Full Moon* (Morrow Quill, written with Chris Trengove and Peter Lawrence), reveals the pitfalls of the illusion. Wondrous original Moon didn't care about anything outside the genius of the drums with which he [illegible] Oblivious to the [illegible] he indulged unchecked his [illegible] and [illegible] groupies and hookers, alcohol, ups, downs. One especially careless day Moon took in a little too much of several substances simultaneously and that was that. As Butler reveals, Moon's introspective moments were too few and not the stuff to get him beyond the illusion.

A similar end came to Elvis, a man in most other ways unlike Moon. Elvis grew more conservative, was awarded honorary narcdom, and eventually denounced the Beatles as subversive. Steve D. Tenerius and Fred L. Worth have compiled a truly unusual book, an Elvis encyclopedia, *All About Elvis* (Bantam), a virtual gold mine of fascinating trivia. Elvis, that All-American Dream Machine, was [illegible] by the [illegible] of his own image. Held in thrall, he never resolved adulthood's problems and anxieties, instead smothering them under a mountain of ice cream and peanut butter sandwiches followed by an injudicious choice of pharmaceuticals. Resultant physical problems led to more anxiety, followed by further ingestion of said materials—a vicious circle that spun him into the grave at the age of forty-two.

Al DiOrio's *Borrowed Time* (Running Press) charts a straight line of the fairly straight Bobby Darin, tells the same kind of story. After "Splish Splash," Darin dissociated himself from rock, opting for the more 'legitimate' realms of pop entertainment, such as Vegas. And that's how we remember him—the self-conscious lounge lizard style, the good looking, petulant face. Yet DiOrio shows Darin to be more intelligent and sympathetic than our memories suggest. Darin had some very real physical limitations (a result of a rheumatic heart condition) that he unfortunately never quite adjusted to. He resorted to overwork, perhaps in order to demonstrate a mastery over his body, thereby hastening his death. Adherence to the illusion was a ultimate self-betrayal. For all of them.

Jonathan White

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRIC

In David Henderson's biography of Jimi Hendrix, *'Scuse Me While I Kiss the Sky* (Bantam), an irony emerges from the account of the musician's love affair with life. Like Shelley, perhaps his nearest English counterpart, Hendrix in his short lifetime encapsulated all the youthfulness and mature reflectiveness of a normal life span. For this reviewer who, living in England, was just too young and distant to have a finger hold on the Hendrix phenomenon, this book is a revelation. Enigma, ambiguity, rumor, hearsay, [illegible] and [illegible] of this strange man are isolated in the book as anecdotes, mingle with surmise and generally accepted fact.

Today a dichotomy exists between the images of Hendrix the composer (unprecedented feedback from two strings, a melody played in synchrony on four more), the introverted poet sitting in a corner at his first London party taking note, and the obsessed craftsman, the sole survivor of the days of mixing a single track in a studio. Appreciation of the Hendrix persona grew rapidly in the sixties, as word spread of the musician's effect. But when this general consciousness (spurred on by commercial interests) mustered its forces into an almost childish worship of a static godhead, something had to break. Shelley's experience was closer akin to this—"Spanish castles made of sand, slip into the sea, eventually . . ," as Hendrix was to observe.

Finally, torn between musical innovacts and managerial politics, the FBI and the Mafia, the increasingly impossible expectations of audiences and a state where he and his muse might be suspended together in harmony, Hendrix died at the age of twenty-seven. This moving book leaves the mediocre uniformity of today's music scene with legacy. It's a powerful antidote to exhaustion in the face of contemporary popular games of musical chairs.

—Duart McLean

Illustration by Christopher Hufmar

WESTERN DECLINE

Real rock 'n' roll springs eternally hopeful. Even when it's called punk and is laden with thoughts of death and "anarchy," the pure excitement of the form makes it ultimately optimistic (if paradoxically so). At its best, punk (or its spirit, which lives on in various forms, not the trend, which is dead) encourages our most guiltily naive fantasies—seeing rock'n'roll not only as the ultimate tool against the evil of banality but also as a (gasp!) utopian revolutionary force.

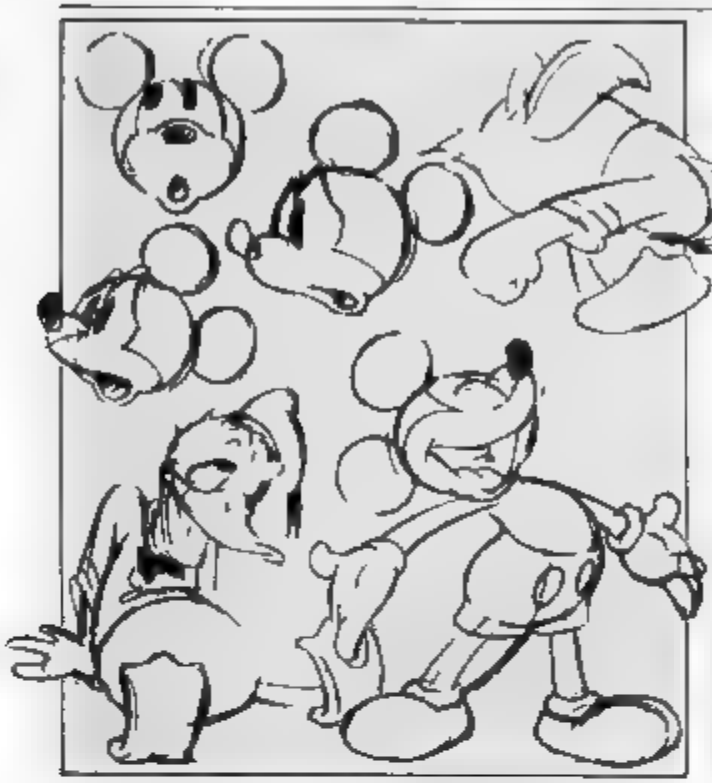
But what happens to these fantasies when the music's over and the real world looms before you? In *D O A*, documentary about the Sex Pistols' U.S. A. snuff tour, punk's abstract politics (which seem so eloquent in the world of art) are forced to tackle "reality" (i.e. an American audience that doesn't know what to make of them). Director Lech Kowalski makes it a study in isolation—on the one hand, presenting the Pistols' revolutionary concert footage and on the other, giving equal attention to audience members who act as poseurs, thrill seekers or plain assholes. The out-of-whack sensibilities wind up cinematically expressing regret for the ignorance that surrounded the band, reducing their metaphoric "anarchy" to being just another trendy freak show.

In Penelope Spheeris's *The Decline of Western Civilization*, an all-too-reverent look at L.A.'s slam-dunk punk scene, the bands and audience are more in synch. Unfortunately, most of the music deserves the ignoring that the Pistols experienced. Since L.A. is incorrectly known to most as a city-sized sensory-deprivation tank, local punk becomes an odd proposition—potentially revealing the scummy underbelly and consequences of the palm-treed, supposed promised land. Yet only the band X has the power to get this across. The rest so lack personal conviction that their would-be witty shock has no value. The film becomes trivial and the bands self-serving, anger betrays the L.A. punk.

Still, in both the irrelevance of *The Decline* and the pessimism of *D O A*, moments arise which prove that rock's utopian dreams do not have to be merely fairy notions. X and John Doe present their art as a realistic way of life, as an inspiration. Their idealism obviously won't change the world. But punks (unlike hippies) don't expect it to. Their ideals *do* change them. And maybe that's all one lifetime can do.

Jim Farber

Animatus Incredibilis



DIS-MISSION

The late Walt Disney's successful (depending on your definition) mission to have moviegoers surrender to overwhelming visual ecstasy and to be transported to "a place they had never experienced and where they believed in cartoon inhabitants and were emotionally moved by them." Celebrating this constantly evolving postmodern pop art are both New York City's Whitney Museum's first-time installation "Disney Animation and Animators" which travels to L.A. and possibly elsewhere at the year's end) spotlighting the innovative decade 1932 to 1942 and also the stunning anthology *Disney Animation: The Illusion of Life* by Frank Thomas and Ollie Johnston (Abbeville Press). Of these two veterans of forty-three fantasy-filled years at Disney, Thomas, for example, oversaw animation of sincere, baroque characters like Pinocchio.

This chock full-of-propaganda book and exhibit exemplify Disney's animation principles and endlessly repeated credo: to make it believable—not realistic—but believable." His tyrannical control of mind and sophisticated motion is fascinatingly duplicated in 500 drawings, painted backgrounds, cels, and videotaped selections which ramble from the spiritually psychedelic *Fantasia* to the ethnically stereotyped Mickey and Minnie Mouse. Mounted on dark walls with silvery lighting, evoking the "wombiness" of movie houses, the Whitney's show must be making the master illusionist beam from his crypt as busy neophytes carry his kitsch to greater glory. The book itself almost creates the science fictional sense of wonder that the Disney-created anthropomorphized animals, creatures, and inanimate objects aroused on film. The bewitching believability of images and ideas transferred through illusion now remains the obsession and font of inspiration for animators from Disney onwards.

Daphne Davis

HAND JOB

I flipped when I got this package of paper movies, *Flip-Pack*, a set of six sixty-page flip books by independent animators. You'll flip too. In the jazzy *Barbituate Bop* animator/musician George Griffin uses a variety of styles for an aural effect, riffing on Bird, bop, and new wave and goes one step beyond. Interweaving planes and textures by Sara Petty quadruple in four-fold fascination once the flipper realizes that the title *Family in Four* refers to a triple possibility. Her book can be flipped in eight directions: four forward and four backwards. You'll also find Tony Eastman's explosive cartoon action, Kathy Rose's reprise of her *Pencil Bookings* film, and Roger Kukes's sequential drawings (similar to time-lapse photography as his cukes and other plants flower forth in a garden of delights). The schematic ballet of intergalactic blueprints in Paul Glabicki's *Wipes*² succeeds best for me with metadimensional illusions reminiscent of his *Diagram Film* (1978). Around since the nineteenth century when they were called "flipper books," this proto-animation art form is rarely toyed with: the current production is state of the art, with biographical notes on the artists, side-stitch binding, plastic laminated full-color wraparound covers, and a sturdy card stock that flips perfectly. Price of each: $4 (from Metropolis Graphics, 28 East Fourth Street, New York, NY 10003), but spring instead for the entire set ($20) housed in a black thumb-holed cardboard slipcase. And throw in an additional $6 for *Frames* (a 1978 softcover book of wild unleashed imagery and personal statements by seventy independent American animation artists) so that you can get an idea of what to expect in forthcoming future *Flip-Packs*. This could catch on like hula hoops.

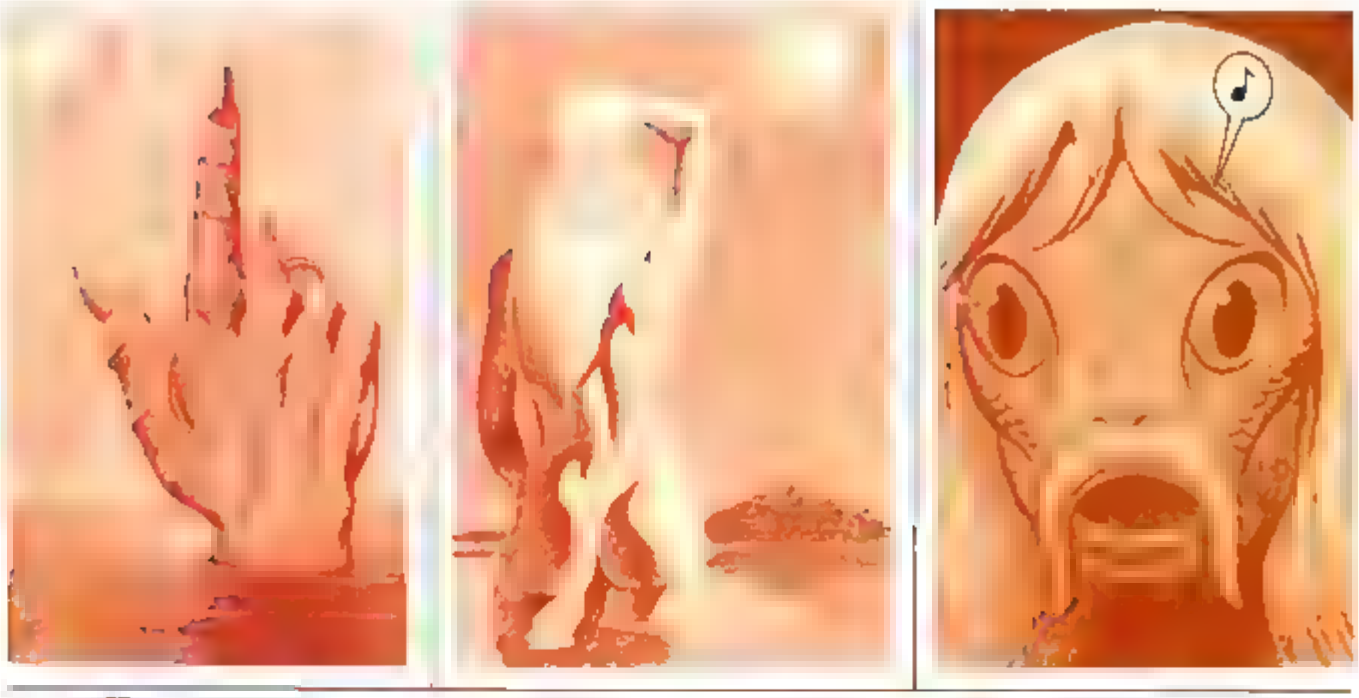
Bhob

HOT WIRED

KRAFTWERK

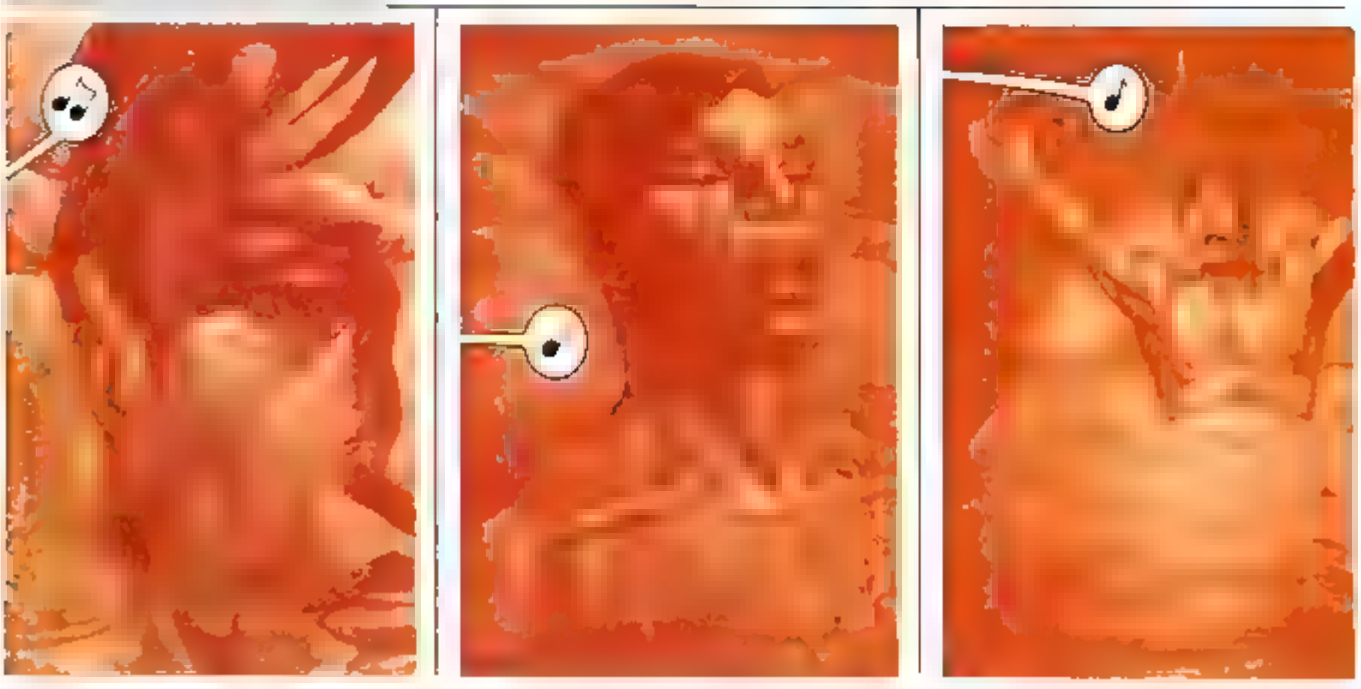
Depending on your prejudices, *Computer World* by Kraftwerk (Sire) is either trance/dance music for vegetables or trance/dance music for the next step in human evolution. Or if you're really prejudiced, it's both. I waffle among all of these prejudices, but some part of me likes this record a lot—even though the copy I got from Warner Bros. has a huge plastic-tumor nodule on the edge so that I can't hear the first three minutes. "Pocket Calculator" is fortunately the second cut beyond the nodule and it gets my vote for being the best new-age electronics song I've heard (along with "Computer Games," by Mi Sex). "I am the operator of my pocket calculator" and "By pressing down a special key/It plays a little melody" are also on the ballot for being the best lines of the year. They almost inspire me to take out my pocket calculator and balance my checkbook, but not quite. Although guitars that snarl remain my first love, synthesizer weirdness is growing on me. Honk-beep-beep-twut whock-whock-zoooooop, get down and get to the next century.

Charles M. Young



SIREN SONG

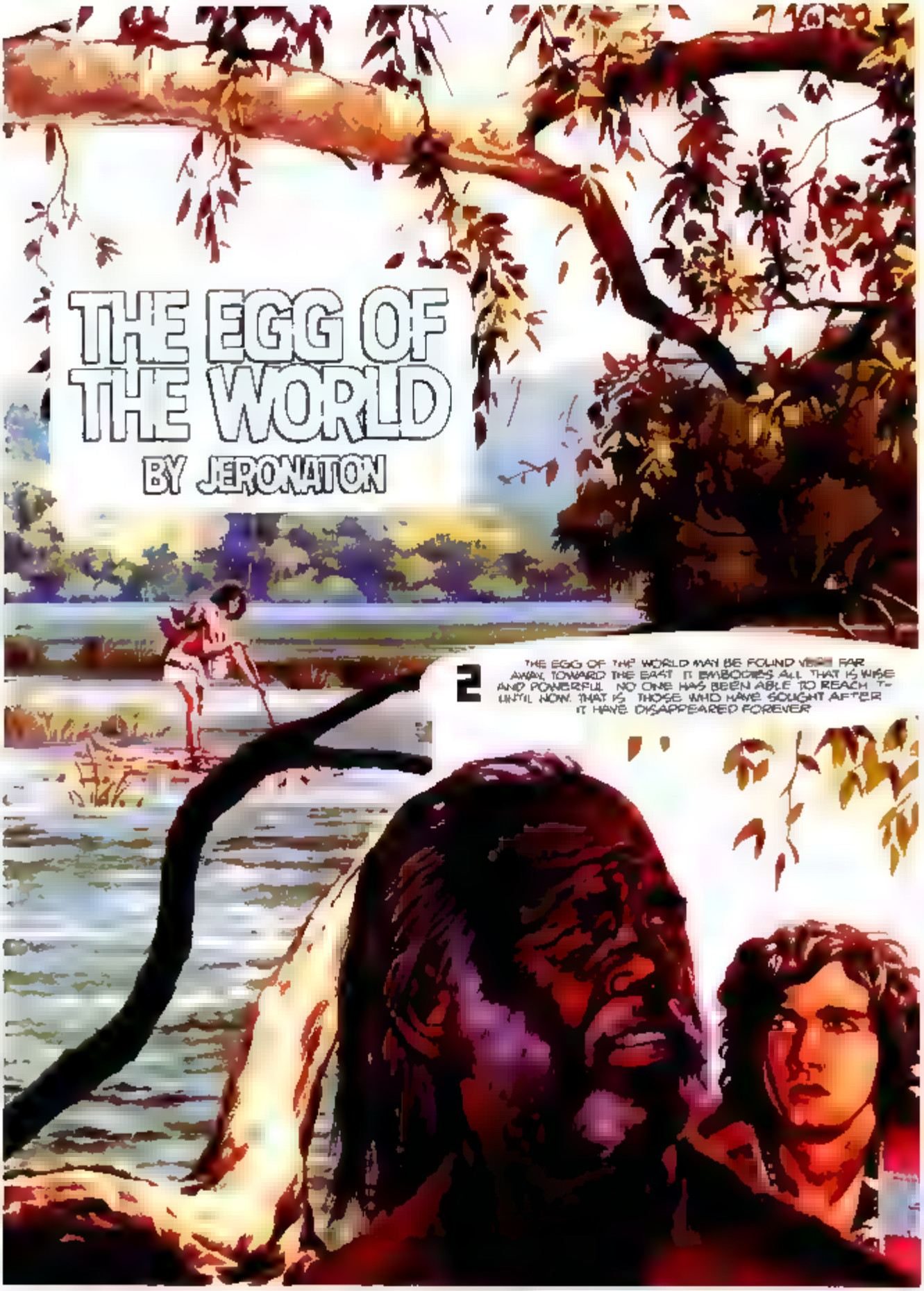
STORY- JIM CUMMINGS ART- PAUL ABRAMS



NO HE WASN'T BEEN ALL DAYS BUT
NO NO FOR A COUPLE FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS NOW
MMMM
I DON'T KNOW I DON'T KNOW THE DOCTOR LEFT AN HOUR AGO AND AND HE COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT WAS WRONG EITHER SNIFF!
YEAH WELL SOMETHING LIKE A FEVER PETER KEEPS SWEATING I'VE CHANGED THE SHEETS THREE TIMES TODAY
YEAH YES OF COURSE NO I TRIED THAT, BUT

I WOULDN'T BE SO CONCERNED IF THAT WERE THE CASE CAN HE KEEPS DRINKING LIKE A FISH? NO, NO I MEAN ALL LIQUIDS HE'S GONE THROUGH ALL THE MILK AND JUICE IN THE HOUSE
MMMM OKAY BUT THE DOCTOR SAID T MIGHT EVEN BE ALL IN HIS HEAD
A PHOBIA HE DEVELOPED FEAR OF DEHYDRATING I DON'T KNOW
AT THIS POINT ANY GUESS IS A GOOD ONE
WELL WHAT THE HELL DO YOU EXPECT? T WAS ALL SET TO TELL HIM AND THEN HE GOT SICK!

I DO INTEND TO CONFRONT HIM WITH IT
ABOUT US
AS SOON AS HE'S BETTER I PROMISE
KRASH!
END


THE EGG OF THE WORLD
BY JERONATON
2
THE EGG OF THE WORLD MAY BE FOUND VERY FAR AWAY, TOWARD THE EAST. IT EMBODIES ALL THAT IS WISE AND POWERFUL. NO ONE HAS BEEN ABLE TO REACH IT- UNTIL NOW. THAT IS, THOSE WHO HAVE SOUGHT AFTER IT HAVE DISAPPEARED FOREVER

FOR DAYS, FOR WEEKS, FOR MONTHS, IN FACT PROBABLY FOR YEARS, TWO MEN HAVE BEEN WALKING TOWARD EACH OTHER, QUESTING FOR THIS ALMIGHTY FORCE. HUNDREDS OF LEAGUES SEPARATE THEM. IMPENETRABLE VIRGIN FORESTS, DESERT SANDS, ARID BOULDERS, SWAMPS, AND STEEP CLIFFS HAVE KEPT THEM APART FROM ONE ANOTHER. THEIR EXHAUSTION IS GREAT. WHAT IS THEIR MISSION? WHY SO MUCH EFFORT, PATIENCE, PAIN? WHAT PUSHES THEM TOWARD THIS GOAL THAT NEITHER OF THEM KNOWS THEY HAVE IN COMMON?

3

OUR FATHERS AND THE FATHERS OF THEIR FATHERS HAVE TRIED TO REACH IT, BUT WE HAVE RESIGNED OURSELVES TO THE FACT THAT THE TREASURE IS INACCESSIBLE. YET WE STILL YEARN FOR IT. WE KNOW, DEEP DOWN THAT LIFE IS BITTER AND THAT THE TRIBE OF OSSAIRAS HAS NO BETTER CHOICE THAN TO FLEE THE FUEL WEAPONS OF OUR FAT

4
AS FAR BACK AS ANY OVETIAN CAN REMEMBER, THEIR LIVES HAVE BEEN SHADOWED BY UNHAPPINESS AND DEATH "THE OVETIAN IS NOT MEANT TO LIVE LIKE A BEAST HE MUST BE AWARE OF THE WAYS AND NOWS OF LIFE I WILL GO MYSELF IN SEARCH OF THE EGG
6
SO LEBA THE OVETIAN AND VAC THE OSSIRIAN BEGAN THEIR JOURNEY QUITE SOME TIME AGO EBA "OMES" FROM THE NEW AND VAST LANDS WHERE THE O'E ARE SEDENTARY FARMERS LIVE OFF THE FAT OF THE LAND AND BE SALE OF THEIR PRODUCE
7
THE NOMADIC HUNTERS ARE LAZY THEY PROSPER AT KING LIVING OFF STOLEN GOODS THEY SEIZE AT EVERY OPPORTUNE TIME TO KILL AN OSSIRIAN IS A GOOD THING, BECAUSE THE NUMEROUS TRIBESMEN OF OSSIRIA HAVE DESTROYED THE GREEN CLOAK OF THE LAND SUCH IS THE JAIN OF RAGON OUR VENERATED GOD

5
THE OSSIRIANS ARE OVERRUN BY SICKNESS, MISERY AND ANGUISH. IT SEEMS THAT FOR THEIR MEN THERE EXISTS ONLY THE ABILITY TO ASK THEMSELVES QUESTIONS THAT ARE UNANSWERABLE. I LONG TO KNOW THE MYSTERY OF LIFE, EVEN IF I SHALL RISK LOSING MY OWN LIFE WHILE DOING SO.
6
NAIL LEFT THE DESERTED AND ROCKY STRETCHES OF THE NORTH, THE TERRITORY OF THE OSSIRIANS, THE ROUGH NOMADIC HUNTERS OF THE STEPPES.
9

THUS AN UNAPPEASABLE HATRED EXISTS AMONG THE MEN OF THESE TWO TRIBES. VIOLENCE RULES THIS WORLD WHERE THE BLOOD OF THE OSSIRIANS, LIKE THAT OF THE OVETIANS, HAS BEEN SPILLED TIME AND TIME AGAIN.

LEBA AND NAIL HAVE NEVER MET ONE ANOTHER. THEY HATE EACH OTHER AND IMAGINE THEMSELVES TO BE VERY DIFFERENT. HOWEVER, LIKE TWO SEPARATED BROTHERS WHO LONG TO REUNITE, THEY APPROACH ONE ANOTHER. BUT THEY ARE TWO ENEMIES ON THE PROWL.
AHHHH! THIS MOUNTAIN IS DANGEROUS. IT DEFENDS ITSELF WELL. BUT IT WON'T HAVE ME.
THE EGG CANNOT BE TOO FAR AWAY NOW. FOR I AM STILL ALIVE. VICTORY WILL BE MINE!

BUT AS THE TWO WARRIORS APPROACH THEIR GOAL, DANGERS AND EVILS SEEM TO MULTIPLY.

ONLY BONES IS THIS WHAT'S LEFT OF MY FOOLHARDY ANCESTORS OF WHOM IT IS SAID THEY NEVER RETURNED?
WHAT HORROR HAS CRUSHED THEM THIS WAY? I SHALL KEEP ON MY GUARD THE MOMENT TO BRANDISH MY WEAPONS HAS ARRIVED

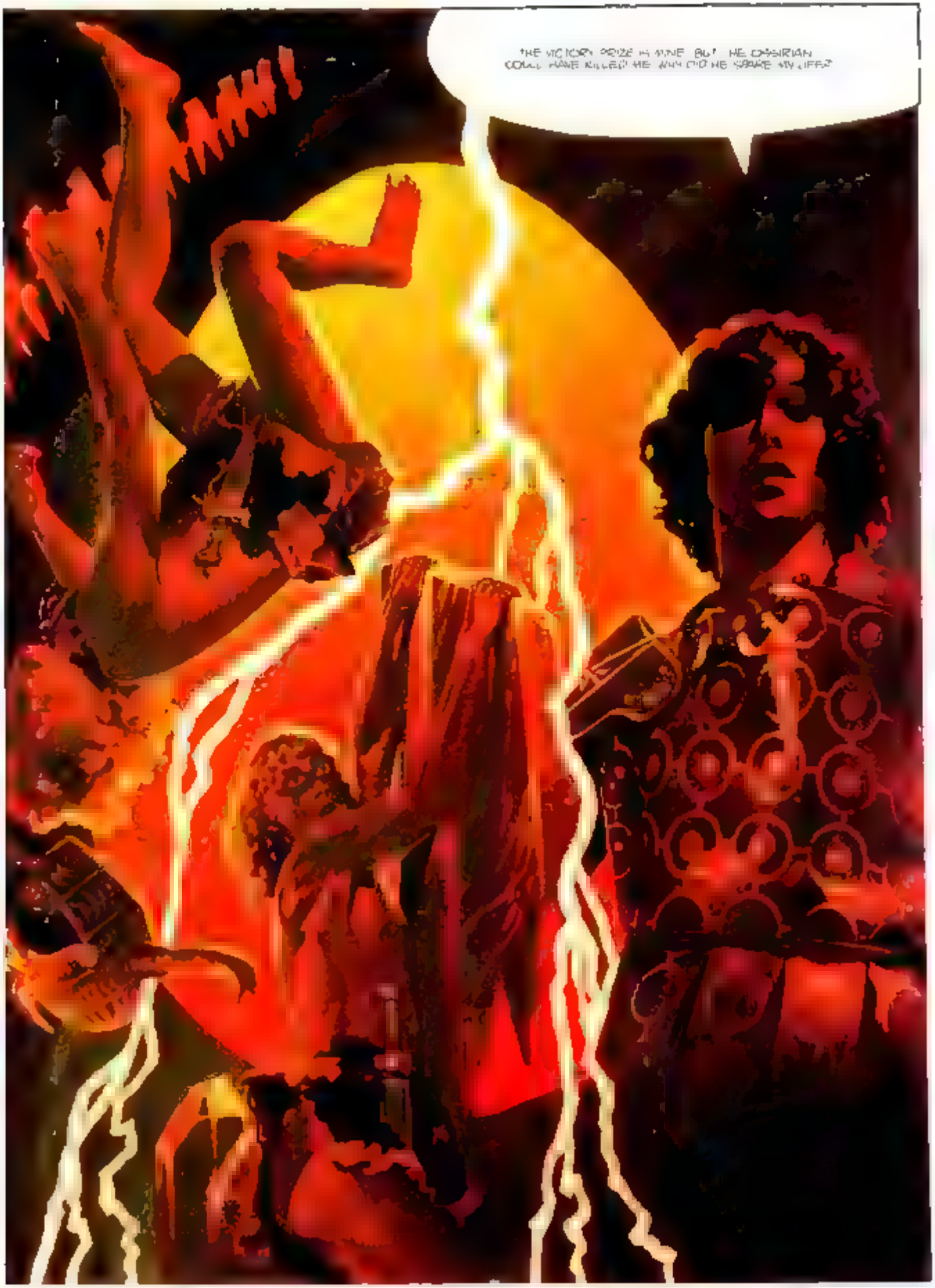
OH MY GOD
THE EGG OF THE WORLD
'TIS EXTRAORDINARY MAGNIFICENT BUT AM I ALONE?

O MEN OF EARTH YOUR ETERNAL SEARCH HAS COME TO AN END. I AM THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF SUCH QUESTS THE RECOMPENSE AND REPOSE OF ALL MEN. WHOEVER BREAKS MY SHELL WILL CAPTURE THE POWER, THE GLORY, AND THE PRAISE OF ALL NATIONS. BUT THERE ARE TWO OF YOU WHO WANT ME, AND I CAN BELONG TO ONLY ONE. LET THE BEST MAN WIN AND I SHALL BE HIS. LET LEBA THE OVETIAN AND NAIL THE OSSIRIAN CONFRONT EACH OTHER IN ONE LAST BLOODY DUEL.

AN OSSIRIAN. HEREEZ EVERYTHING THAT I SUBMITTED MY-SELF TO, HE HAS ALSO EN-DURED! HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE?
AN OVETIAN. IT'S INCREDIBLE! HE TOO WAS NOT AFRAID TO FIGHT THE SAME TRAPS! HERE IS AN OVETIAN WORTHY OF NAIL THE OSSIRIAN!

ONETIAN. I DON'T KNOW WHAT LED YOU HERE UNDOUBTEDLY YOU ARE HUNGRY FOR THE POWER THAT THE EGG EXUDES IN ORDER TO DOMINATE MY PEOPLE BUT HOW IMPORTANT IS THAT? YOU ARE PROOF OF COURAGE WHICH UNTIL NOW ONLY MY PEOPLE POSSESSED RE- SPECT TO YOUR OWN PEOPLE I WOULD NOT LIKE TO KILL YOU BUT UNLESS YOU LEAVE NOW I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE
I HAVE NO USE FOR YOUR OFFER NO WHICH IS ONLY A SHEEPSKIN RAP LIKE THE OF POWER IN YOURS IS ONE OF KNOWLEDGE BUT ONLY THAT MATTERS TO ME REMOVE YOUR GENITURE BUT IF YOU PREVENT ME FROM BREAKING THE EGG I WILL HAVE TO KILL YOU
ONE OF US MUST DIE LET THE BEST MAN WIN
THIS IS THE FALL OF THE ALL-POWERFUL EGG.

BY HYPRACAB, MY GOD! YOUR BLOOD IS RED LIKE MINE... AND YOUR COURAGE IS THAT OF AN OSSIRIAN! WAS YOUR SEARCH PROPELLED BY THE SAME DESIRES? AND IF THAT IS SO, IS IT REALLY NECESSARY TO KILL ONE ANOTHER?
BUT WE HAVE BEEN GIVEN NO OTHER CHOICE. THE EGG OF THE WORLD HAS DELIVERED A COMMAND AND WE MUST COMPLY. DON'T SOFTEN JUST YET, BARBARIAN. I STILL HAVE ENOUGH STRENGTH TO KILL YOU!
AAAGGHHH!
DEFEND YOURSELF!


THE VICTORY PRIZE IS MINE, BUT THE OSSIRIAN COULD HAVE KILLED ME. WHY DID HE SPARE MY LIFE?
AHHH!

YOU'VE ONE LAST CHANCE
TO UNDERSTAND
IT'S NOT HERS
I'VE COME
FOR THE PRIZE & KEEP YOUR
PRIVILEGE FOR YOURSELF YOU
FOOL! SEE HOW MANY DEATHS HAVE
YOU INCURRED FOR THIS TREASURE
SEE THE POWER FOR

THE EGG! THE EGG! LOOK!

I AM THE "VICTORY PRIZE" AS YOU HAVE CALLED IT. YOU HAVE TRIUMPHED. YOU HAVE RENOUNCED THOUSANDS OF YEARS OF EGOTISM AND HAVE GONE BEYOND THE SCORN OF ALL CONVENTION. I AM PARADISE. THE RECOMPENSE TO ALL HEROES. THE DOOR TO THE HEART AND TO LIFE. FOR CENTURIES, I HAVE WAITED FOR YOUR KIND. YET ALL HAVE FAILED FOR LACK OF HEART
COME THEN, LEBA AND NAIL. COME SATISFY YOURSELVES WITH THE HAPPINESS OF A SUN THAT IS NOT OBSCURED BY THE EVERLASTING RIVER OF FRIENDSHIP OF LOVE AND OF JOY

HEAVY METAL
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY 1977 Russian spaceships Roger the paranoid pupper Conquering Armies the ultimate rock festival and more ($4.00)

#3/JUNE 1977 Macedo's 'Rockbitz' the highly praised Shelts the beginning of Dave's World Apart Moebius Corben Bode more ($3.00)

#4/JULY 1977 Last of Moebius' Arzach plus part one of The Long Tomorrow also the final installment of Sunport ($3.00)

#5/AUGUST 077 The saga of Palomus begins The Long Tomorrow concludes and 'World Apart' and Den continue ($3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER 1977 Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius a space opera plus more 'World Apart' Den and Palomus ($3.00)

#7/OCTOBER 1977 Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon Moebius's 'Airtight Garage' Den and Palomus back again yet more ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER 1977 New Harlan Ellison fiction nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for Palomus and 'World Apart' ($3.00)

#9/DECEMBER 1977 Extra pages for the complete 'Vuzz' by Druillet 'Fortune's Fool' by Chaykin and Wein plus full color contributions from Corben Macedo Clevelous and Moebius ($3.00)

#10/JANUARY 1978 Morrow illustrates Zelazny 'Lab and Richard update 'Ulysses' 'Conquering Armies' concludes Den continues ($3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY 1978: New adventures of 'Barbarella' a spaceburned cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben et al ($3.00)

#12/MARCH 1978 Swashbuckling Druillet makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow and there's more Barbarella more Urm and yet more Den ($3.00)

#13/APRIL 1978 Our first anniversary issue A thirty-page insert from 'Paradise II' and 'Barbarella' gives birth while Den wraps it up ($3.00)

#14/MAY 1978 Urm the Mad waves bye-bye but Druillet and Barbarella continue and Alex Nino tips his hat ($3.00)

#15/JUNE 1978 Corben introduces Shakespeare Sturgeon's classic 'More Than Human' is illustrated more Barbarella and the origins of 'Heavy Metal' ($3.00)

#16/JULY 1978 A happy ending for 'Barbarella' a sad ending for 1968 the resumption of Druillet's 'Gloi' and yet more 'Heavy Metal' Druillet 'More Than Human' and Corben's 'Arabian Nights' ($3.00)

#17/AUGUST 1978: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: Corben's 'Sindbad' Moebius's 'Major Heavy Metal' Druillet 'Love Stories on Ool' and Harlan Ellison too ($3.00)

#19/OCTOBER 1978: Exterminator 17 Ellison's illustrated 'Glass Goblin' the debut of McKie's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous' plus the usual ($3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany Chaykin Empire more 'Sindbad' 'Exterminator' 'Major Grubert' 'Heavy Metal's final rebirth more ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978: The stocking's full with Dean Kirchner's 'Tarot' and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY 1979: Tania makes her debut here and Druillet concludes 'Ool' plus McKie and Corben How much can you take? ($3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: Galactic Geographic 'Starcrown' Corben's 'Sindbad' McKie's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous' plus Moebius 'Gloi' and Macedo ($3.00)

#24/MARCH 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's 'The Stars My Destination' 'Starcrown II' and Ellison's tale show ($3.00)

#25/APRIL 1979: Our second birthday bash with Chaykin and Wein's 'Gideon Faust' the Alien portfolio and Val Mayerik's 'Time Out' And much more ($3.00)

#26/MAY 1979: It's all American (except for Druillet's 'Dancin' and a 'Proust joke') Ellison entries including Corben 'Morrow the Illustrated Alien' ($3.00)

#27/JUNE 1979: Fifty four pages of 'Captain Future' plus more illustrated Alien and the final episode of 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous' ($3.00)

#28/JULY 1979 Bode's 'Zooks' premieres Corben's 'Sindbad' concludes Morrow and Moebius continue 'Mike Hinge' debuts ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST 1979 Caza steps the show with 'New Ark City' plus Mayerik Suydam 'Galactic Geographic' Bode more ($3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979: Enki 'Buck Rogers' a lizard named Elvis and 'Little Red V.3' alongside Moebius and Moebius ($3.00)

#31/OCTOBER 1979: Halloween brings with a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius Breccia Druillet Suydam others ($3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER 1979 Let us give thanks for Corben's 'Rowlf' Bode's 'Zooks' Brunner's 'Elric' Chaykin's 'The Stars My Destination' Moebius and more ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER 079: A Christmas package from Caza Corben 'Kolpad' Suydam 'Stiles' Tania Moebius and Ellison plus 'Gnomes' and 'Gama' ($3.00)

#34/JANUARY 1980 A new year a new decade begins with a new look for HM with the debut of four new columnists new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan the conclusion of Corben's 'Rowlf' and much more! ($3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Courgeon cover adorns the winter issue Corben's 'The Beast of Wolfton' begins McKie experiments with the Air Pump and we join Mort Heavern on a crazed acid trip ($3.00)

#36/MARCH 1980 Why did 'The Cowboys' take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus Corben Melanie Moebius and Lee Marrs's 'Good Vibrations' ($3.00)

#37/APRIL 1980 Our third anniversary issue Forty two pages of Charnaux in living color the final installments of Moebius's 'Airtight Garage' plus Caza Brian Howarth Corben Bode and more! ($3.00)

#38/MAY 1980: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Asle ever find out? Will Charnaux reach the Dot of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn too? Take a look We'll never tell ($3.00)

#39/JUNE 1980 Charnaux meets his fate while Captain Sternn saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs Earth ($3.00)

#40/JULY 1980: The Alchemist Supreme continues with Asle learning the truth about his sidekick Mysty Beal's 'Progress' begins and Moebius returns with 'Shore Leave' ($3.00)

#41/AUGUST 1980: Druillet returns with the final installment of 'Salamandre' while Moebius concludes 'Shore Leave' and is interviewed! Beal continues 'Progress' ($3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980: The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Beal's 'Progress' picks up steam Ernie Colon Paul Kirchner and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts while 'Rock Opera' gets stranger yet ($3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980 Our Special Rock Issue packed with goodies by McKie Moebius Voss Spain Druillet Yeates Mc Howarth Kierkegaard Jr Colon and Metaxa and not to be missed! ($3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER 1980 With the Shogun spirit ablaze this issue's cover by Hisashi Sorayama is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Chevalier, Moebius, Kakuta, Sprengelt and Gillet. ($3.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980: Premiering: Corben's illustrated Bloodsta... Crepax's Valentina... and Godard and Ribera's What Is Reality, Papa? Plus: The Cutter of the Fog... Rock Opera... and Moebius. ($3.00)

#46/JANUARY 1981 Jerusalem returns with "Woman." Dan Wilson makes his HM debut with "Bang, High." Plus: more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezieres and "Rock Opera." Moebius tells us, "There is a Prince Charming on Pteranger." Don't miss it! ($3.00)

#47/FEBRUARY 1981 William S. Burroughs discusses Civilian Defense, while The Holy Ghost, an unkillable Moebius character, gets himself in and outa trouble. Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's Yesterday's Lilly and an interview with the man himself. ($3.00)

#48/MARCH 1981 Taz Alpana... John Findley's epic Western begins. "What Is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue and Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic, Salammbo, comes to an end. Plus: Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America. ($3.00)

#49 APRIL 1981 Art and the Nazis. Corben's "Bloodstar." Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier." Harry North's "Stones from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. "Didn't think we could do it in one shot, did ya?" ($3.00)

#50/MAY 1981 The premiere of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Gillet's "The Immortals' Fate." Plus: Sundahl's "The Tall Bridge" and a William S. Burroughs piece on immortality. ($3.00)

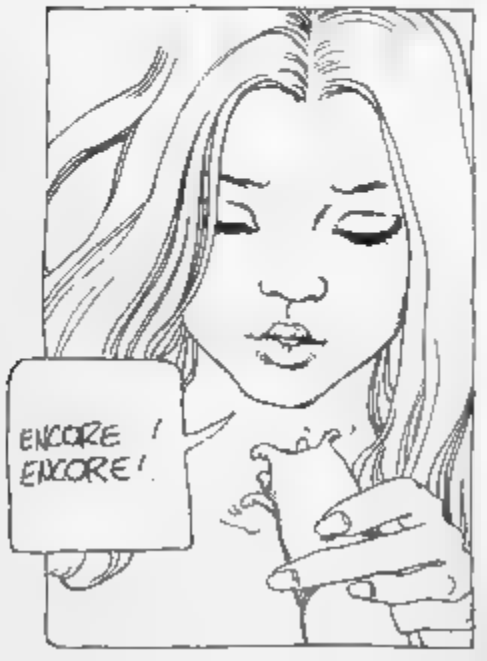
#51/JUNE 1981 The first installment of the Richard Corben interview in view. Jim Starlin's adaptation of Dutland premieres, and Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Lazo, Chaykin, Crepax, and our own John Workman! ($3.00)

#52/JULY 1981: Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor." Jim Starlin's adaptation of Dutland continues, while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup girl wraps it all up. ($3.00)

#53/AUGUST 1981 Spinrad on the Immortal Mayonly, the third part of the Corben interview, plus a sixteen-page pull-out section on the making of the Heavy Metal movie. ($3.00)

#54/SEPTEMBER 1981 Richard Corben's Den... Jeff Jones's ...m Age... Juan Giménez's "Infantrymen" infantrymen... and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of hor... ($3.00)

#55/OCTOBER 1981 Shakespeare for Americans: the first episode of Segrelles's "Mercenary," a gallery section devoted to Philippe Druillet, plus Jeff Jones, Enki Bilal and Starenko. ($3.00)



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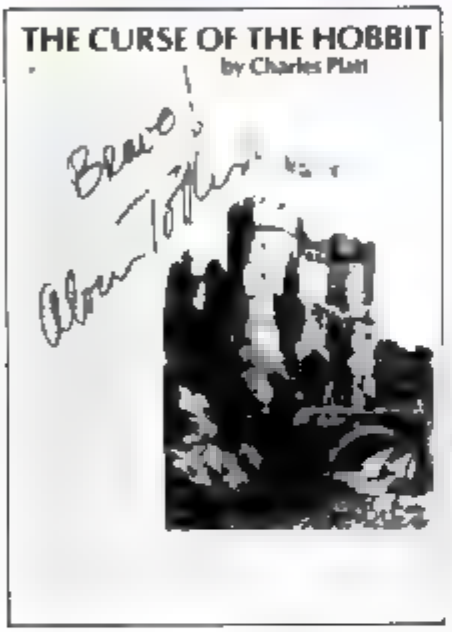
CHAIN MAIL

On Platt's "Curse of the Hobbit"



Dear *Heavy Metal* folk

I can only suspect that your printing of Charles Platt's editorial "The Curse of the Hobbit" (*HM* Sept. '81) was meant to stir a little healthy controversy. On my part, it did. To damn an entire section of the literary community—pretty much out of hand, on the grounds that it sells and is inducing mind rot in the reading public, smacks of sour grapes on the first point, and perhaps a tint of bigotry on the second.

A great number of Mr. Platt's points are well taken, but *Conan the Barbarian* was a formative stage, a plateau which most good fantasy writers have gone beyond, thankfully. To me, good fantasy is:

The Darkover series by Marion Zimmer Bradley—dealing with, among other things, the uses and abuses of power and human alien sexuality. These books are nicely crafted and deal with their subjects in a manner both believable and caring.

C. L. Cherryh's *The Book of Morgaine*—the first two nicely handled a number of complex interpersonal relationships, and the third really wasn't all that bad, suffering only by comparison.

Any of Samuel Delany's books—extreme fantasy, especially *Dhalgren*, but well written, with characters the reader winds up caring about.

Ann McCaffrey's *The Ship Who Sang*—primarily a relationship study about what will happen when the human spirit is forced into paths it was never designed to walk.

The Eternal Warrior series by Michael Moorcock, all sixteen of the damn things. A single story interwoven through sixteen separate narratives. An amazing feat even if they hadn't been exciting and readable—which they were.

Yes, and the first five Gor books by John Norman. Sexism aside, they are fun to read and are able to involve the reader in a culture not too dissimilar to what our history has seen before and may see again.

Last, through considerations of space alone, Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's *Anosto*—a jewel of a book that finds a small man thrust into his fantasy and not found wanting. Heroic stuff on all levels.

There are many, many more that fit all or part of Mr. Platt's criteria for obscurity but are selling and selling for a reason. They fill a need. Having that need filled is not making people less attentive to the reality about them; rather, it offers a pause to regroup and consider. After all, what was *Watership Down* (which Mr. Platt maligns without naming) but an allegory about strength and adaptability in the face of adverse conditions? I don't think you could find anyone, except Mr. Platt, who believes that any community of rabbits was literally acting in that manner.

Not all of us want "nuts and bolts" science fiction. We get glimpses of the future and our own mortality every day. There is a part in every person that desperately wants to believe that somewhere, sometime, there is a man, or woman, who can make the world a little better—all on his own, be it with "a magic amulet and a sword" or the simple power of a thought. As a generation, we have been carefully taught that we are ineffectual cyphers and helpless without big government, big business, or big whatever to tell us when to jump and how high to do it. The watchword is "obey." It's a stranglehold that's hard to break, but maybe, like Anosto, we'll find the balls to live our fantasies of self determination and freedom. Who knows? But without fantasy there's only the reality, and that's damn depressing.

I guess it boils down to "but is it art?" Mr. Platt says it ain't—I say it is.

M. C. Dixon
Longmont, Colo.

P.S. It's odd that the article appeared in *HM*, a magazine that embodies all that Mr. Platt seems to detest.

Dear *Heavy Metal*,

By damn, Charles Platt smacked the rusty nail right on its ugly head with his essay on the current trend toward fantasy ("Curse of the Hobbit," Sept. '81). It's about time somebody spoke out against these pansy-boy adolescent sword-and-sorcery lovers, these technological cowards who can't face up to the brutal realities of the eighties, who revel in sissy rabbit stories and mad-rapist barbarian tales. It's about time someone had the guts to spit in the eye of these drug-muddled old-age hippies who dropped out long ago to "get off" on this wizard-and-dragon shit, these money-minded publishers who want any financial clones of Dune, these stomach-turning romantics, these simpleminded readers of cut-and-dried cardboard-character children's stories. Mr. Platt is a man after my own never bleeding heart. And that's why I'm going to plug in my computer, load my handgun, replace my subscription to *HM* with *U.S. News and World Report*, check on the current gold prices, stock up on my food rations, and get out the vote to reelect (Mr. Neutron) Pres. Reagan in 1984.

In other words, Mr. Platt—think again.

Tim Karter
Livermore, Calif.

Caza, "We Hardly Know Ye!"

Dear *Heavy Metal*ers:

Who is Caza?

Please do a bio/story/interview/peek thru the keyhole on this wondrous folk SOON, as I'd like to know where Caza has been. *Pilote* seems a possible hiding place. Can I get a subscription to *Pilote*? Is there a compendium of Ionsa Caza work available here or in Europe? Does anyone realize how fantastic Caza is? Please supply name, address, favorite wine, shoe size, brand of cigarette or drugs as the case may be, and where I can meet. Much admiring of the person/works long may Caza wave. Viva la Caza!

Jesse Bogart
King of Prussia, Pa.

We agree! We don't know much about the guy, either! Soooo, in the near future, HM will run a gallery section displaying his work and talking about his life! Look for it in the beginning of the coming year!

The Eds

Mr. Chaykin, We Presume?

Dear Sirs:

Howard Chaykin's avant-garde storytelling style distinguishes him as one of the most innovative artists in the illustrated sf/fantasy medium, and I was very impressed with the debut of his colorful Cody Starbuck series in your May issue.

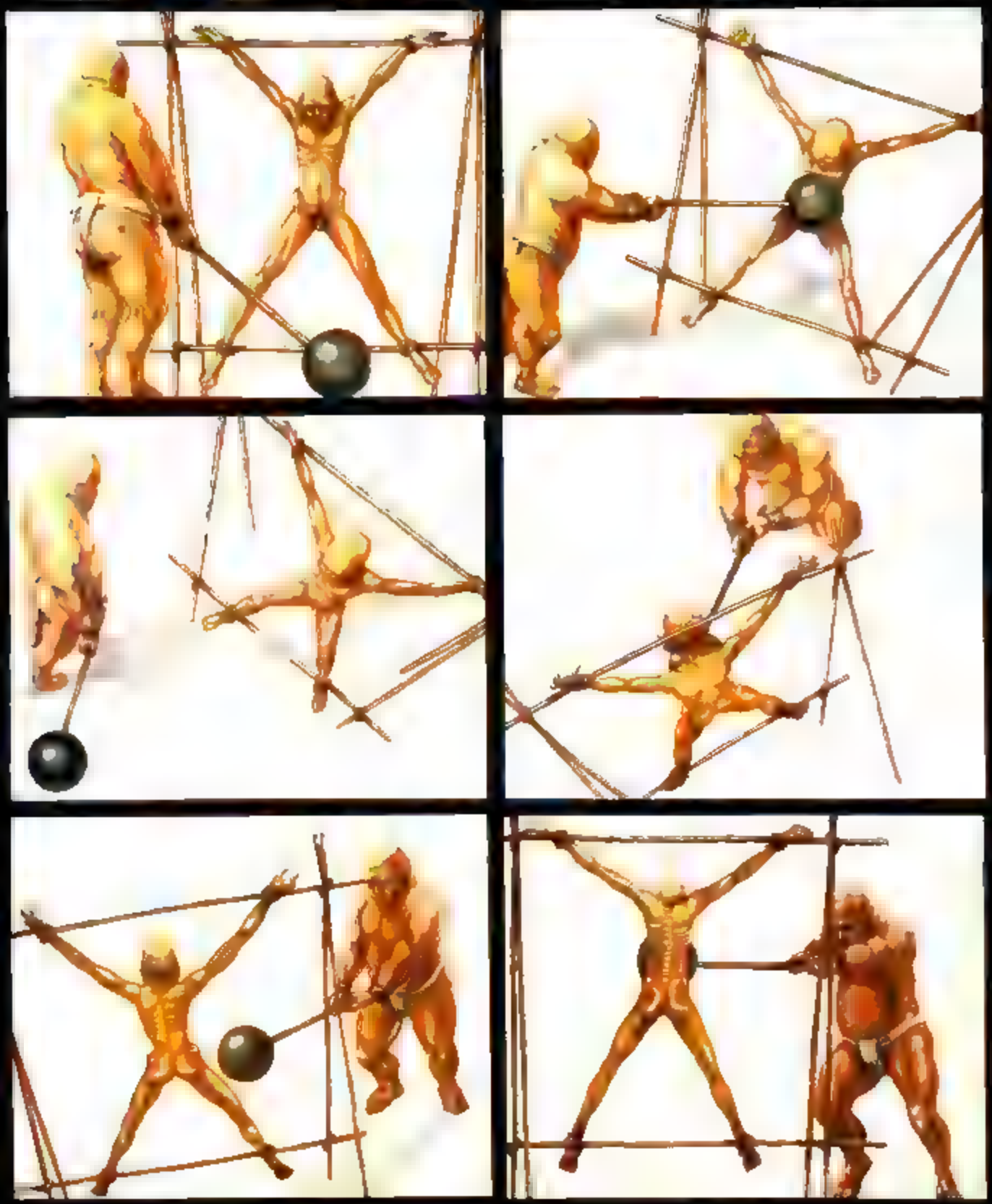
After Starbuck has run its course, is there any chance that you might be serializing the unpublished second half of his visual adaptation of Bester's *The Stars My Destination*? Since this fine graphic novel was originally previewed in *Heavy Metal*, it seems as though these same pages would be the proper place to conclude it.

Kevin C. McConnell
Warren, Pa.

Sorry, Kevin. HM will not be running "Stars," but we will run the continued adventures of Cody Starbuck. It will be coming up early next spring. In the meantime, feast your eyes on its collaboration with Walt Simonson, "Shakespeare for Americans." Ah, the English never had it so good.

The Eds

A. ALTARRIBA L. ROYO



the bus

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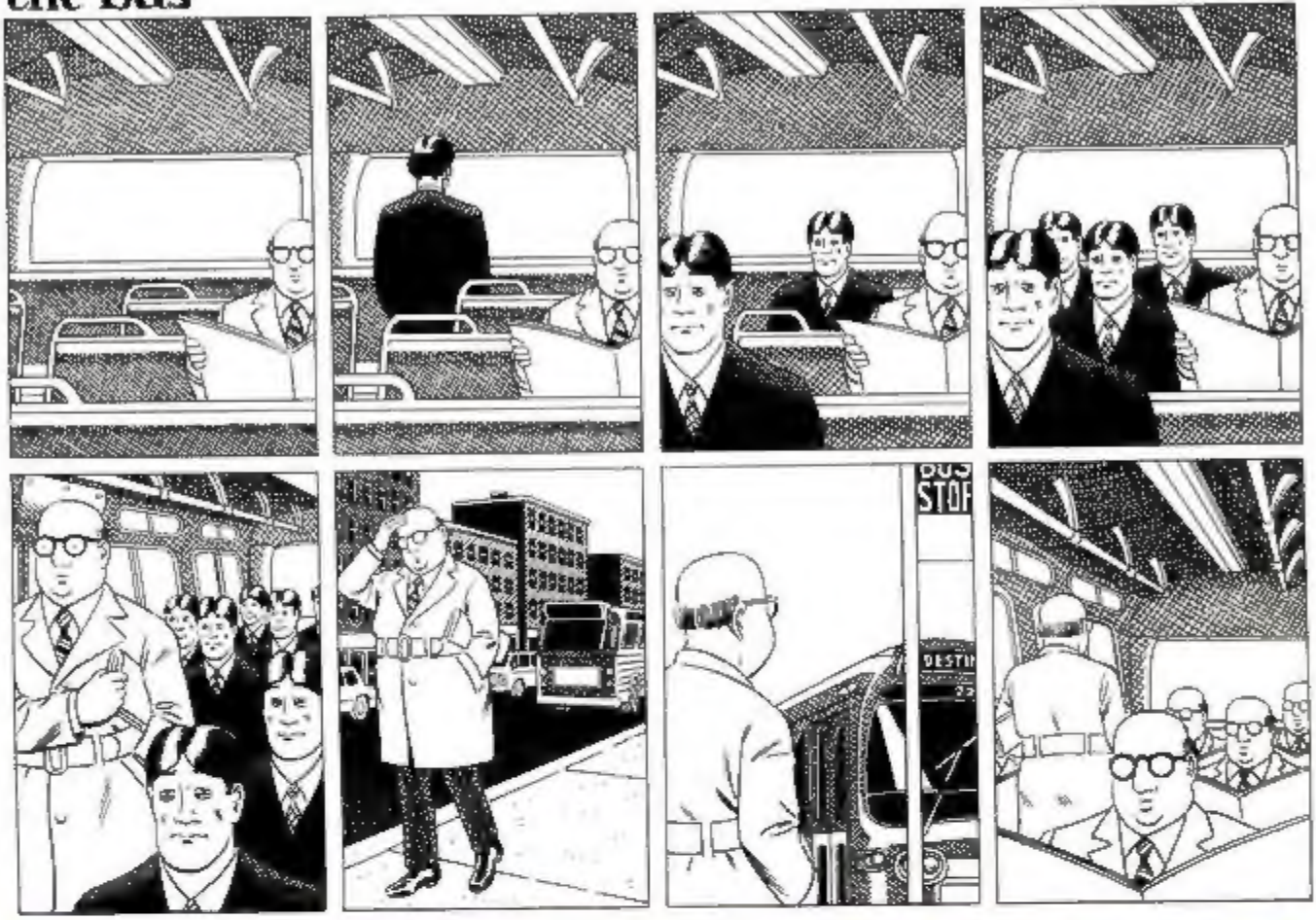
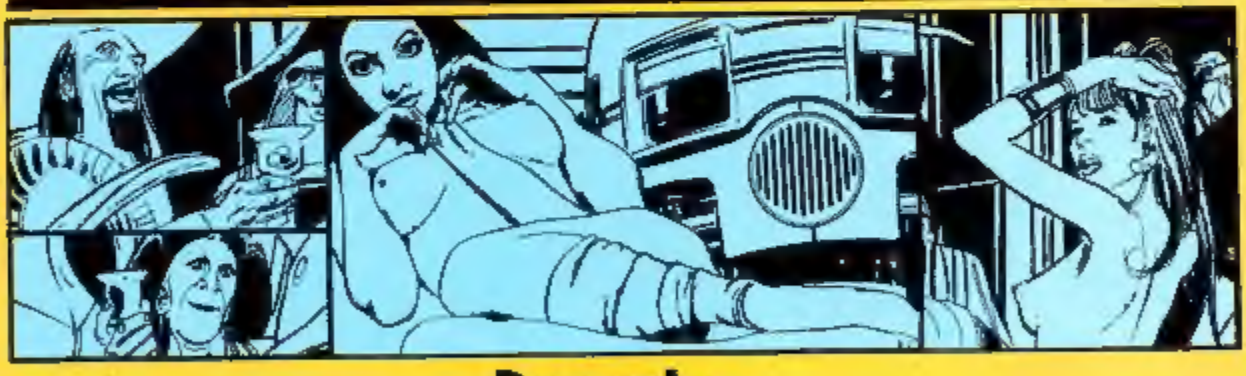


COMING NEXT ISSUE...



December

The December issue is sort of a pot-pourri (office mates have been calling it a "hodgepodge," but we ask you, where's the class in that?), offering some of our best artists' work.

After many months of the continuing saga of O'Niel and his screwy crew, **Steranko**'s "Outland" concludes.

And speaking of conclusions, **Bilal**'s socialist(?)"The Immortals' Fete" winds up just around Christmas-time.

Plus: the continuations of **Segrelles**, **Corben**, and **Findley**'s nemesis, "Tex Arcana."

See you then! Under the mistletoe, that is!

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